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RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

In the days when the world would talk of nothing but the Russian war, we took occasion now and then to dwell on some of the least obvious, but not least important, of its probable results. We urged that the very fighting would make the nations known to each other—would increase communications (including those of trade) between them—and would make each contribute something to the other's instruction. These results are in course of progress. English tourists are moving about Moscow; the English public is eager to hear of the splendours of the Czar's coronation; Russia for the future will be nearer to the Western mind and Western influences. War is a great "opener up;" and when you trace its effects at a distance, the blood turns out not to have been wasted. To the expedition of Alexander we owe the overland route—the Crusaders gave a vast impulse to commerce—the Turkish capture of Constantinople spread Greek literature over Europe. Like fire, it clears the way, and helps the pioneer. No doubt, one could wish that what is accomplished by war were to be accomplished by other means. It would be a quieter world if no such thing were known; but as we had not the making of it, we must e'en be content to take it as it is. The aspirations of the pious, and the dreams of the wise, are not yet the sole powers by which Providence works; there is rough work to be done yet in history, and rough work needs coarser agencies.

The Russian war was not an event expected at the time, but it was one which had been vaguely anticipated for a generation. Napoleon looked on the Russian capture of Constantinople as certain. According to his own account, he had been invited to sanction it, and

had declined, for the same reasons which induced statesmen to decline it the other day. The period certainly appeared auspicious when the late Czar took it in hand. War was out of fashion in Europe; the tone of literature was against it—reflecting, too, the tone of commerce, science, and society. One class of statesmen had made up their minds that the great task of the age was to keep down revolution. The liberal party, with the exception of a small and violent section, were usually pacific—pacific if only as commercial. A few, to whom Russia had always been a bugbear, predicted wonders from her when she should stir. The war, when it came at last, altered more or less the notions of everybody. Russia was at once weaker and stronger than we thought. The war did not take the revolutionary turn expected; and the English people took to it with a relish infinitely greater than any one would have believed. To this day the war is discussed in England in preference to all merely political topics; and though the dissolution is being staved off to give this time to blow over, we feel pretty sure of seeing its effects yet in our home polities.

It is not our business to go over the old war stories again. We have only to do with the war as far it naturally enters into our thoughts on hearing of the Emperor's coronation. Of the Emperor's own conduct and character, no Englishman has cause to think ill. His proclamation was talk for his people—his concessions were practical. If the French are more po'ent with him than us now, we may thank our diplomacy. If we get no more from him in the treaty, we may thank our Government. He did not pursue the Kara advantage meanly, but treated his prisoners nobly—better than De

Redcliffe had done. There was no undue vehemence shown by him in sticking out for terms—though we have since learned, on the authority of one of our wonderful modern admirals, that his chief port was impregnable. In fact, he "gave in" with decency. And we suppose nobody in England now grudges saying that his armies had fought well. He would be a very small-souled fellow who did grudge it: Sir William Williams does not. But it is not only that they fought well—which may be said even of the Caffres—they were led well, and believed in their leaders. Those leaders, too, have covered themselves with honour, and have the proud consciousness that they attain no rewards which they have not deserved. The Government is a despotism, but then it *is* a Government, and acts up to its pretensions. One interest of this coronation is that the Crown is a very substantial symbol. He who assumes it has at once hereditary right and practical power. Nobody can compare him to the king in Shakespeare—

"That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket."

Nor is he liable to have his name prostituted by being made to give "honours" to the bungling cousins of any human being who has a certain amount of thousands a year. It is a secret feeling of the reality of this ceremony which makes it fascinating to Europe; even a philosopher cannot pass it over as a show, bound up as it is with the prospects and happiness of so many millions of the human race.

"Festivals have I seen that were not names," says Wordsworth. These Moscow festivals are of that description. It would be pleasant to think that this young monarch stood be-



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION AT MOSCOW.

fore the altar of God, in the capital of his ancestors, resolved to do his life to the studies of peace. To suppose that a royal family, part of whose cherished traditions it is that their line is destined to possess the famous city of Constantine, will abandon that idea, would be absurd. It would be equally absurd to expect a great military monarchy to neglect the pursuits of arms—the development of military powers. But, at least, much else remains to be done, and a long interval of peace may be fairly presumed. The young Czar must have seen enough of Europe to know that a determination to resist him in the East will be henceforth part of its public opinion, and that the democratic idea can be always appealed to by politicians who wish to get up combinations against him. That his forces are unable to meet those of France and England is only too plain; and that his *prestige* has suffered everywhere in consequence, is obvious enough. Years must pass before the old dream of the Romanoffs can be plausibly indulged again, even as a dream. In the meantime, this very last war, we repeat, will be found to have paved the way for the works of peace. From being more talked about, Russia will come to be more visited; so, to be more traded with; so, to be more reached by Western thought, science, invention, and improvement. The late Czar had done a great deal for the serfs, before his vast designs made the world forget everything but his ambition. This great work remains to be carried on by his successor. But his real task will be to avail himself of Western civilisation in developing the resources of his empire. Russia's career is yet to come; we have yet to see what variety she has to add to the character of the civilisation of Europe. All races have developed themselves by contact with others possessing that culture, which, in one shape or other, has existed among mankind as long as we have any records of it. In Russia, the impulse still comes from the governing powers. A Russian Czar cannot be an *idler* or a *dilettante*; he is the *bona fide* helmsman of his state—not a mere ornamental figure-head. Hence the interest and attraction of the splendid ceremonies at Moscow.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress will extend their stay at Biarritz until the 1st of October. Meanwhile, they do their best to cultivate the enthusiasm of the people. We hear that the Emperor, having been struck, during his excursions, with the barren appearance of the downs of the commune of Anglet, which lie near the coast, has given 30,000 francs to his privy purse in order that they may be planted with trees. Then, the Empress, having fallen in with a poor woman whose child was sick, sent the physician of the Prince Imperial to the plebeian little one, and made the poor mother a handsome present.

The Austrian *chargé d'affaires* at Paris (says a Paris correspondent), called on the Government to prohibit the subscription which M. Marin had opened in Paris for the proposed 100 guns to arm the fortress of Alessandria. The French Foreign Office communicated to the Austrian *chargé* that the Government of the Emperor had already taken steps to prevent the subscriptions in question. The Austrian agents in Paris do not hesitate to boast that they have completely triumphed over Piedmont.

Count Walewski has just received from Queen Victoria, as a souvenir of the treaty of the 30th March, a splendid gold snuff-box enriched with diamonds, and bearing a medallion representing the portrait of her Majesty. M. de Billing, Chef du Cabinet, has also received a very handsome writing-desk, and M. Benedetti an equally handsome token of remembrance.

It is in contemplation to form a camp of 40,000 men at Suippes, in the department of Marne, on the very site of the ancient camp of Attila.

The merchants of Marseilles having ascertained that the wheat harvest will not be sufficient for the home consumption of all France, are beginning to suggest to the Government, through their local papers, that a repeal of the corn laws is indispensable, or at least an extension of the Imperial decree which permits the free importation of corn, and which will expire on the 1st of January next.

SPAIN.

WE have very little intelligence from Spain, but that little is significant. General O'Donnell has received from his Majesty the Emperor of the French the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. The insignia were placed in a box covered with sky blue velvet ornamented with golden bees, and with the initials of the Emperor.

The "Gazette" publishes a royal decree which relieves several military chiefs in certain provinces from the control of the civil command. Another royal decree, dissolving the Constitutional Cortes, has been promulgated. A royal decree also is to regulate *pro tempore* the condition on which political journals may be published. The jury is to be maintained, the caution money increased, and the responsibility of the directors or editors of the papers to be substituted for that of the printer.

Such French exiles as are in the Basque provinces are to be forthwith removed to the interior of Spain.

AUSTRIA.

The growing maritime tendencies of Austria are exhibited in the following letter from Vienna in the Augsburg "Gazette":—

"Our Government, particularly M. de Bruck and the Archduke Maximilian, are exerting all their efforts in support of the principle that the Adriatic is an Austrian sea, in order to consolidate the domination of the Austria's navy on those shores. A war between Montenegro and Turkey might lead to disagreeable complications, since the Turks would take advantage of their sea-ports of Silek and Sutarina to send troops and ammunition. One of the principal objects of the mission of Count de Leiningen in January, 1853, was to obtain the cession of these ports to Austria, or at least the exclusive use of them; but the war in the East caused the negotiations to remain a dead letter. It is clear that, with her new maritime tendencies, it is of great interest for Austria to obtain this concession, and from that circumstance the struggle between Montenegro and Turkey acquires great importance for her."

We read in the Nuremberg "Gazette" that the Austrian cabinet will intervene as a mediator for the prevention of war between Montenegro and Turkey. The Austrian intermunicato at Constantinople, Baron von Pokesch-Ostea, has also received instructions to this effect from Vienna. The motives for Austria's intervention are founded on the injuries or death of the British Ambassador, and the representations of Prussia and Bavaria, which further instructions should be received from their respective Governments. So the matter rests.

GREECE.

A SERIOUS difference had arisen between the Commander-in-Chief of the French army of occupation and the Greek Government. Major Melingos, Governor of the Piræus, who had received the decoration of the Legion of Honour for his attention on every occasion to the French troops, had for that reason been removed from his command by the Queen, and replaced by Major Anghelopolus. The French Admiral, Bouet de Willaumez, on hearing of this appointment, announced that he would not acknowledge him. He added that the power of the Greek Government did not extend to the Piræus, where the French flag is flying, and that the late authorities were tolerated solely through respect for General Kalargi, the late Minister of War, who had appointed them. He next proclaimed by sound of trumpet that the command of the Piræus was exclusively French, and he confided it to Major Reboul, of the Marines. The small Greek garrison was immediately sent back to Athens, and the French Admiral signified to Major Anghelopolus that he tolerated his presence at the Piræus solely because he was decorated with the Legion of Honour, otherwise he would have sent him away in custody of a detachment of gend'armes. The Queen having been apprised of what had occurred, Barons Goltz and Feder, the representatives of Prussia and Bavaria, were summoned to the Palace, and a protest was drawn up against the proceedings of the French Admiral. Mr. Wyse, the British Minister, on the other hand, approved of all that had been done, and instructed the commander of the British troops at the Piræus to support the French Admiral until further instructions should be received from their respective Governments.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

By intelligence from Constantinople, it appears that the province of Kars was evacuated on the 9th ult. by the Russians, who retired upon Alexandropol. Admiral Houston Stewart has returned to Constantinople; he left two cruisers off the Isle of Serpents. Sonkou-Kalé and Redout-Kalé had been given over to the Russians. Modifications in the Ministry were spoken of at Constantinople. The Pacha accused of the murder of the young girl at Varna has been set at liberty, although the trial is not over. He is to appear again when called on.

AMERICA.

THE latest advices from America give us no solution of the question between the Senate and the House of Representatives. The latter has agreed to pass the civil appropriation bills—that is, what we call the supply—unconditionally. But to the Army Appropriation Bill—the military supply—it annexes certain conditions, namely, that the forces shall not be employed in Kaffas, meaning that they shall not be used to put down the *Freesoilers*. The Senate has more than once struck out that condition, and the difference remains as hopeless as ever. Meanwhile, the news from Kansas is still of wars or fighting—of regular hostilities between the free-state and the pro-slavery men. Bloodshed is the order of the day, and hour by hour a large number of partisans are drawn into either camp, to swell the magnitude of the operations. The end of all this is not clearly visible.

RUSSIA.

THE news from Russia relates almost solely to the coronation of the Czar, which, in fact, is the topic of the day throughout Europe. A long article on the subject will be found in another portion of this paper.

An imperial ukase has been published at St. Petersburg raising the state of siege which had been established in the governments of the Taurida and Bessarabia.

General Bariatinsky, the governor of the Caucasus, arrived at Moscow on the 24th. As soon as the *files* of the coronation are over, he will go and relieve General Mouravieff in his command, and the latter will go to St. Petersburg and take his seat in the Council of the Empire.

A proposition of the Council of the Empire, giving new facilities for the importation of foreign goods, has been sanctioned by the Emperor. In virtue of it, goods can remain in entrepôt for fifty days after their arrival, or payment of moderate duties.

The Minister of Finance has been authorised to issue three new series of paper money, amounting to nine millions of silver roubles.

Recent accounts from Nicolaeff state that the prize money for the captures at Sinope is being now divided among the persons who took part in that glorious affair.

It appears from the contracts for supplies for the fleet in the Black Sea

about to be entered into at Nicolaeff, that the force of the fleet will not exceed 3,000 men.

Accounts from Warsaw state that the town of Reishow, which has recently been destroyed by fire, and which, after Kiev, was the second commercial town of Volhynia, contained at the time more than a million bushels of wheat, which were consumed by the flames.

ITALY.

SOME further indications of the action of the Western Powers towards Naples are given in a letter from Vienna. The writer says:—"It is well known that the reply of the Neapolitan Government has not satisfied the Western Powers, but that, on the contrary, it has led to fresh and more serious steps. We learn that, in consequence of the Neapolitan note, France and England came to an understanding for a collective proceeding. They at the same time made a communication on the subject to our Government, but it is not known whether or not Austria will take part with them. Little is known as to the contents of the new note which the Western Powers have sent to Naples, but it is said to contain demands which will certainly be considered in that country as an attack on the sovereignty of the kingdom."

The presence of Prince Murat at Aix-les-Bains caused considerable uneasiness to Neapolitan diplomats. Now, however, the great cause of alarm for these gentlemen has been removed, as the Prince has returned to Paris, and his relations, who went to see him, to their respective homes; so that it may be hoped King Ferdinand's representatives will soon be restored to tranquillity of mind on that score.

The Neapolitan Government have inaugurated an extensive project for re-arming the coast on a stronger and more modern principle. Operations have been commenced on the island of Capri, which admits of being made almost impregnable. Thirty-two pieces of cannon have been removed from it to Gaeta, and it is said to be the intention of his Majesty to construct immediately batteries on a level with the sea. The same will be done at the Campanello on the opposite coast, and along the whole extent of the Calabrian coast. A liberal proclamation has been lately distributed among the troops, by whom it appears to have been well received. Another proclamation has reached from Sicily, recommending union between the two countries.

A letter from Ancona, of the 25th August, states that the Austrians are fortifying that place, having just erected a new covered battery below the lighthouse of the harbour, and having brought some new pieces of artillery to be placed on the existing fortifications. The Austrian troops in garrison at Bologna have been encamped for some days in the neighbourhood, at Tizzano, Pontecchio, and Sasso. The Austrians give out that it is for the purpose of exercising them and executing grand manœuvres in autumn. It has been remarked, however, that the arrangements made by the Military Commander are those which usually precede the opening of a campaign.

A subscription for the purchase of the 100 guns of Alessandria had been opened at Rome, notwithstanding the measures taken by the police to prevent it.

It is said that the Russian General Toltleben has received from General La Marmora a very pressing invitation to come to Turin, and to visit the fortifications of Alessandria, in order to give his opinion respecting the new works which the Sardinian Minister of War proposes to construct round that place.

SWITZERLAND.

THE royalist insurrection at Neufchâtel, so far as we hear, appears to have been very short-lived, and entirely without the elements of success. A simultaneous movement took place at Neufchâtel and at Locle. At the former place it seems to have been limited to about 300 persons, and the only name of any mark that has reached us as connected with it is that of Count F. de Poutales. With a Federal camp at the foot of the lake, and with a large proportion of the population of the canton opposed to them, the attempt had no chance of triumph, and, as far as we can at present judge, must be deemed most rash and ill-advised. As soon as the rising got wind, Colonel Duzler put himself at the head of a levy of armed Republicans in the Val de Travers, marched upon Neufchâtel, retook the positions occupied by the rebels, and restored order. It is stated in a newspaper that twelve of the latter were killed; but this is very probably an exaggeration. Seven Federal battalions immediately marched on to Neufchâtel, but found everything over on their arrival. Until we get further information, we are in the dark as to the true nature and object of the movement. The Prussian sympathies of the aristocratic party in Neufchâtel are well known, but it is, as it is said, this party was at the bottom of the movement, the result seems to show that it can reckon on little support from the population of the canton. Count Poutales is a prisoner. It is well observed by the *Presse*, that as the Republicans of Neufchâtel succeeded in putting down the insurrection before the federal troops came up, Prussia cannot say that the cantonal sovereignty has been overthrown by the federal power.

The Canton of Neufchâtel has been a member of the Federal Union of Switzerland only since 1848. Before that date it had been for above a hundred years possessed by the Kings of Prussia.

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RUSSIAN REPLY TO LORD CLARENDON'S NOTE.

"Le Nord" publishes, with the aid of its Berlin correspondent, the following account of a diplomatic note which the Russian Government has caused to be addressed to the English Government, and which, it says, must have come into the hands of the latter several days ago:—

"This note is an answer to another note which had been addressed by the British Government to that of St. Petersburg, complaining of the delay when Russia, in its opinion, apparently wished to cause in carrying out the engagements it had contracted by the treaty of Paris. Recalculating all the grants of the Foreign Office, Prince Gortschakoff analyses them in succession, and relates them with such lucidity, precision, and firmness of language, as must have proved to the Cabinet of London, that although Russia wishes to keep up friendly relations with England, she has no intention, for all that, to use a cold, quiet expression, of letting her toes be trodden on."

Prince Gortschakoff proves irrefutably that Russia, far from carrying out with a bad grace the stipulations of the treaty of peace, is, on the contrary, ready in every place to fulfil her engagements to the very letter: proved, for the rest, by her evacuation of Kars, performed with an obliging promptitude and a good grace, that even the journals of Constantinople have been compelled to acknowledge. As for the Isle of Serpents, Prince Gortschakoff declares that Russia cannot concede to one of the Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris the right of raising by herself alone, and of her own mere motion, a question that cannot be solved unless by all these Powers at one and the same time, as the Congress of Paris has clearly specified. Besides, the demarcation of the new frontiers of Bessarabia has to be performed, and is being performed, by the commission appointed for that purpose by the Congress of Paris; and as for what concerns the regulating of the navigation of the Danube and the Russian frontier in Asia, the Russian commissioners have been long at their post, where they merely wait for the other delegates to arrive, in order to commence their task.

"Such is in sum, leaving out the conclusive arguments and the unanswerable facts quoted in illustration, the answer with which the Emperor Alexander's Minister of Foreign Affairs rebuts the accusation attempted to be twisted of Russia by the British Cabinet, with little apparent good faith, in so unusual a manner, and so exceedingly ill-timed."

THE AFFAIR OF SERPENTS' ISLAND.—The affair of the Serpents' Island seems to have been of more importance than many have been willing to believe. Whether it be that the Ottoman Porte is misinformed, or that the real details of this transaction have not been made known, certain it is that the occupation of the island has been considered of far greater moment at Constantinople than by the public in London or Paris. It appears that when the captain of the *Gladiator* demanded the removal of some Russian marines from the island, an answer was given by telegraph from St. Petersburg, that the Russians could not be removed until the question was settled by the Conference at Paris, which is to meet when the matter of the Danubian Principalities is brought to a close. The Russian view is this: that the Serpents' Island is a part of the Bessarabian territory, that the frontier of the ceded district is not yet settled, and that, therefore, the Russian authorities have a right to retain the island until it be finally determined exactly how much they are obliged to yield. The absurdity of the reasoning by which they claim to re-occupy a spot from which they had been driven, and respecting which there can be no doubt, because the exact frontier of the ceded territory still engrosses the attention of the surveyors, needs no exposure. That the affair will have any practical consequences we cannot believe. It is clear that the treaty stipulates for the cession of certain territory to the Porte; of this territory Serpents' Island forms part, and no one can doubt that the Sultan's rights accrued the moment the ratifications of peace were exchanged.

MINGOUS.—To those who have faith in omens, the following circumstances, related by a Venice correspondent, will appear of importance:—On the 18th ult. the Emperor of Austria's fatal day, a violent shower fell at Venice and extinguished the illuminations; the Austrian flag hoisted on the top of the church of St. Mark was blown down; and lastly, the company invited to the official banquet by Count Bissingen, the governor, were kept waiting a full hour for the foreign consuls, who did not come after all, and they had to sit down to dinner without them. On inquiry, it was found that the parcel of notes of invitation addressed to them had been forgotten in a desk, and consequently not delivered.

BOMBA AND THE TELEGRAPH.—There exists at Naples a disgraceful system, encouraged by the Government, of King Ferdinand, of tampering with the electric telegraph. The telegraph with England has been open two years, and incredible as it may appear, the private messages of merchants and others "are divulged, the instant they arrive, to a set of monthly subscribing speculators, who act upon them and affect the markets in most cases before the despatch has been delivered to the original owner." A commercial paper at Naples publishes the substance of each message, contenting itself with the sole omission of the names of the receivers. The telegraph is under the control of Government, the officials consisting, for the most part, of old Custom House employés, who are bound to hand a copy of each despatch as it arrives to the Ministers of Finance and Police.

SUICIDE OVER A GAMBLING TABLE.—A letter from Wiesbaden of the 1st inst. says:—"About two o'clock to-day, when players and lookers-on were ranged round the roulette table of the Kursaal, at this place, the report of fire-arms was suddenly made, and one of the persons standing at the table was seen to stagger and fall dead on the ground. It was a melancholy spectacle, and rendered still more so by the gloom and obscurity of the place, caused by a violent thunderstorm, which was raging at the time. The deceased, who was a man to the prime of life, was evidently belonging to the higher ranks of society. His identity has not yet been ascertained, but he is supposed to be a native of Holland, as he wore a decoration of that country. He had recently arrived, and a few minutes before the fatal act had staked and lost his last five florin notes. Some of the players at the table appeared much affected at the scene and left; but others resumed their play in another room, and in an hour afterwards a military band struck up, and everything was life and gaiety."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—One of the persons employed in the Government printing-office of Vienna has made the discovery that plaster of Paris will only contract by a repeated washing with water, and still more if with spirits of wine. On this is based a process to produce both print and wood-cuts in various gradations of type and size, by a calculated diminution of the plaster of Paris plate. Already print and drawings have been made of a twelfth-part size, reduced from three inches to one inch in diameter, and yet even the reduction to the smallest size does not at all diminish the correctness of the impression.

WAGES IN AUSTRALIA.—We learn in the latest news from Australia, that wages have been gradually rising for months past, and that they were then as follows:—With rations—Married couples without families, from £75 to £90 per annum; ditto with families, £55 to £65 ditto; gardeners, £50 to £60 ditto; grooms, £40 to £50 ditto; stockkeepers, £50 to £70 ditto; shepherds, £35 to £40 ditto; but keepers, £25 to £30 ditto; general farm servants, £1 15s. per week; thrashing and cleaning, 1s. per bushel; hay cutting, 9s. per ton; bullock-drivers on the road, 30s. per week; ditto on stations, 25s. ditto; men cooks, £70 to £90 per annum; female ditto, £30 to £45 ditto; thorough female servants, £25 to £30 ditto; housemaids, £20 to £26 ditto; laundry, £30 to £35 ditto; nurses, £15s. ditto; maid-servants, £12 lbs. beef or mutton, 10 lbs. flour, 2 lbs. sugar, 1 lb. tea. Without rations—Compositors, 1s. 4d. per thousand; ditto by the week, £1 15s.; pressmen, £4 1s. to £4 10s. ditto; carpenters, 12s. to 11s. per day; masons, 14s. to 16s. ditto; plasterers, 14s. to 16s. ditto; bricklayers, 14s. to 16s. ditto; blacksmiths, 16s. ditto; quarrymen, 10s. to 12s. ditto; wood-splitters and teneers, 6s. to 7s. per ton; fencing by the rod, material to split only, 6s.; labourers on the roads, 9s. to 10s. per day—wood, water, and tents found.

"A GOOD FINDING" is noticed in the "Melbourne Argus." A party of three miners, working on the Back Creek, at Tarradale, at a depth of about twelve feet from the surface, came upon a solid lump of gold, weighing 54 lbs., with about 80 ounces of smaller nuggets in close proximity. The total value taken from the claim was a little under £3,000.

ROWDINESS IN HIGH PLACES.—The following are a few specimens of rowdyism affairs "of honour" which distinguished the late session of Congress:—1. Two attacks with cane, same day, by the Hon. Mr. Rust, of Arkansas, upon Horace Greeley. Not much damage done. Greeley's head harder than it looks to be.—2. Attack of Hon. William Smith, of Virginia (called, for short, Extra Billy), upon Mr. Wallach, editor of the *Washington Star*.—3. The Herbert affair, at Willard's Hotel, in which the Hon. Mr. Herbert, of California, shot with a revolver, and killed upon the spot, the Irish waiter, Keating.—4. The Colonel Lane and Douglas affair—no fight.—5. The Sumner affair—in which the Hon. Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, attacked with a cutta perche, cane the Hon. Mr. Sumner, in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and left him weltering in his blood upon the floor. Recovery of Sumner doubtful.—6. The Brooks and Gen. Wilson affair—no fight.—7. The Brooks and Gen. Webb affair—no fight.—8. The Brooks and Burlingame affair, in which Mr. Brooks declined to go to Canada, to be shot at there, and shot at all the way back again.—9. Little fight between the Hon. Mr. McMillen and the Hon. Mr. Granger, in an omnibus; Granger a black eye. Trial of border ruffianism in Kansas! What else can be expected on the borders with such examples among the law-makers and law-breakers at Washington?

SWAMP REFUGEES.—A runaway negro camp was recently discovered on an "island" in Big Swamp, situated between Bladen and Robeson counties, U. S. On the following morning a company of twelve or fifteen whites started out to hunt them, but one of the negroes fired at one David C. Lewis, wounding him, from the effects of which he died. A man named Taylor was shot at twice from the same place, but missed. The negroes had cleared a place for a garden, had cows, &c., in the swamp. None of the men were arrested. The swamp is about four miles wide, and almost impenetrable.

THE CASHIER AND SUB-CASHIER OF THE NORTHERN OF FRANCE RAILWAY.—We are said to have disappeared with more than £10,000. It is supposed the sum was obtained by the sale of shares deposited with them.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

The statistical abstract for the United Kingdom for each of the last fifteen years from 1841 to 1855, discloses some very remarkable facts respecting the revenue and taxation of the country in that interval. The figures contained in the abstract are such as prove in the most striking manner the success of the trade experiments, and the vast amount of increased comforts which must have been shared by the nation at large, in consequence of the repeal of protection, and the diminution of heavy rates of import duty upon the principal articles of consumption in the country. The returns also prove the elasticity of the revenue of the country, and the vast resources which we possess for financial purposes. During the last fifteen years, we have repealed taxes to the amount of £15,825,000, and have imposed others, in lieu thereof, to the extent of but £10,992, and yet, in the face of all these reductions of taxes, the aggregate revenue of the country has increased from £46,965,630 in 1842—the last year when no reductions were first made—to £56,822,009 in 1851—the last year when the revenue was uninfused by the imposition of special war taxes. If we include the taxes imposed since the commencement of the war, the total of new taxes since 1842 amount to £24,822,512, being in excess of taxes repealed by a sum of £6,140,143. But while the excess of new taxes imposed has been but £3,801,143, the increase of revenue has been not less than £16,395,975, the revenue for 1855 having been £65,364,605, and that for 1846, as we have already seen, £46,965,630. The population of the country has increased but little more than eleven per cent. during this period, but the revenue has increased upwards of forty per cent., if we include the war taxes, and something over twenty-five per cent., if those special taxes are excluded from consideration. This is a result without parallel in the history of any country.

OBITUARY.

YARRELL, WILLIAM.—On the 2nd inst., died William Yarrell, Esq., of Ryder Street, St. James's. He was formerly an extensive newspaper agent, but giving much attention to natural history, he proved himself one of our most accomplished naturalists in his beautiful and valuable works on British birds and British fishes, and in several valuable and interesting papers in the Transactions of the Linnean and Zoological Societies. Mr. Yarrell, as an Ichthyologist, in connection with Mr. Jess, solved the problem which had perplexed naturalists from the days of Pliny, as to the history of the eel. He clearly proved that they were viviparous, had scales, and breed for the most part in the brackish water at the mouths of rivers—thus removing many doubts and difficulties on this curious subject. He has left behind him an interesting museum, chiefly of British natural history, and a valuable collection of books on that subject.

CAMPBELL, GENERAL SIR H. F.—On the 3rd inst., at his residence, Lowndes Square, Belgrave, died Sir Henry Frederick Campbell, K.C.B. This venerable and gallant soldier was in his eighty-seventh year, and within a few days of seventy years in the service, which he entered in 1786. Sir Henry was twice married, and numerous families are placed in mourning in consequence of his death. By the death of Sir Henry Campbell, who served with distinction in the Peninsular war, the colonelcy of the 25th, or the King's Own Borderers, is passed at the disposal of the Duke of Cambridge.

AUBREY, SIR T. D.—On the 5th inst., at his seat, Oving House, Bucks, Sir Thomas Digby Aubrey, Baronet, in his seventy-third year. He was the last of the old family of the Nigels of Bostal. Sir Thomas was the seventh baronet of an old knightly race, and son of Richard Aubrey, by the second daughter of the Hon. Wriothesley Digby. He was born at Llanbrynmawr, Glamorganshire, in 1783; in 1803 he married the daughter of Thomas Wright, Esq., and sister of Rev. R. Verney, of Middle Claydon House, Bucks. He succeeded his uncle, who, after being father of the House of Commons, died in 1826. Sir Thomas was a deputy-lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, and chairman of the quarter Sessions. He was patron of five livings, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1811.

DEATH OF WESTMACOTT, THE SCULPTOR.

One day last week, Sir Richard Westmacott, the celebrated sculptor, breathed his last, at his town residence, South Audley Street.

Sir Richard Westmacott had attained his eighty-second year. His birth took place in 1775; and his father being a sculptor of some little eminence, he, at an early age, manifested a love of art. After receiving some instruction in his father's studio, and from an able master, a native of Carrara, Westmacott was at the age of seventeen sent to prosecute his studies in Italy, and at Rome studied for while under Canova. In 1794 he received from the Academy of Florence their first premium for sculpture, and in 1795 the Pope's medal. He was also elected a member of the Academy of Florence.

Westmacott, soon after his return to England, established himself in the West-end of London, where he soon gained an extensive reputation; and in 1805 the Royal Academy elected him an associate of their body. In 1816 he became a Royal Academician. The works of art by which he was best known, are his statues of Addison, Pitt, and Erskine, his statues of the late Duke of Bedford and of Charles James Fox, in Bedford and Russell Squares, and his monuments to Sir Ralph Abercromby, Lord Collingwood, and others in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, together with the elegant and classical figure of Psyche. Besides these he designed the colossal statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, and the statue of Nelson at the Liverpool Exchange, and, together with Flaxman and Baily, a portion of the figures on the frieze of the marble arch originally erected at Buckingham Palace, but now standing at Clandon Gate. His latest work, it appears, was the sculptured pedestal at the British Museum. In 1817, he succeeded Flaxman as Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, and held that appointment until his decease; he had not, however, exhibited since 1839. In 1837, Westmacott was knighted. It was rumoured that, on the demise of Sir Thomas Lawrence, it was the wish of George IV., that Sir Richard should be the President of the Royal Academy; but we believe that the position was never desired by him, and on the death of Sir Martin Sitte, he firmly declined being nominated, strongly urging the election of Sir Charles Eastlake.

Westmacott was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and of several foreign societies. He was also a Member of the Dilettanti Society. The University of Oxford conferred the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Laws upon him, upon the nomination of the Duke of Wellington, on the occasion of his own election to the Chairmanship. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, he was constituted one of the Royal Commissioners.

The artistic works of Sir Richard Westmacott are all strictly classical in their style, but partake far more of the Roman than of the Greek character. They are not abstract and ideal, or of the highest order of conception, but living and breathing realities, executed to the life in a bold and severe style. Among the best known of his productions are "The Distressed Mother," which he executed in 1822 for the Marquis of Lansdowne; "The Household Traveller," a copy of which is in Westminster Abbey; his "Euphrusyne," for the late Duke of Newcastle in 1837; his two statues, "Cupid" and "Psyche," in possession of the Duke of Bedford, together with a large alto relieve, "The Death of Horace," which he executed for the late Earl of Egremont, and which we believe is still in the gallery at Petworth. Sir Richard Westmacott married, in 1798, Dorothy Margaret, the daughter of Dr. Wilkinson, by whom he had several children.

IRELAND.

THE IRISH MILITIA.—The North Tipperary Militia have been disembodied. General Sir James Clafferton lectured the men severely on their disgraceful mutiny, but he held out hopes that if they behaved well henceforward the sentences on their comrades who have been tried and convicted, may be further commuted. He bestrode the follett approval on the conduct of the officers. But a memorandum from the General commanding in Ireland, subsequently read, stated that the officers had adopted "no efficient measures" to restore discipline, and had not "zealously exercised" their influence and control in endeavouring to remove the alleged causes of complaint, and had not sufficiently exonerated themselves to explain the regulations about clothing and bounty. Each militiaman on his dismissal received 25s. and travelling expenses.

THE TIPPERARY BANK AND JAMES SADIEIR.—The Directors of the Bank of Ireland have taken legal proceedings against several persons in that town whose bills were given as security by the Tipperary Bank for advances to that unfortunate concern by the Bank of Ireland, and, by way of the beginning of the end that the effects of an extensive former residing near Ballyellen were seized under execution for £700 due to the bank. With respect to the whereabouts of James Sadieir, the Carlow papers say that the police are on the wrong scent, and that there is every reason to believe that the fugitive is now far on his way to South America, "where there appears to be little doubt that he will be afforded the opportunity of embracing his brother John." With regard to this latter prospect, it may be mentioned (says the "Times" Dublin letter) that a respectable professional man, recently returned to Dublin fr. in New Orleans, is ready to swear on oath, if called upon, that during his residence at the latter place he had seen John Sadieir bodily striding through the streets of New Orleans. There could be, he insists, no mistake, as he had been for many years familiar with the marked features of that never-to-be-forgotten countenance.

IRISH BANKS.—The Directors of the Royal Bank of Ireland have declared the usual dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, with an increased bonus of 6 per cent., which makes the amount for division among the shareholders 12 per cent. for the current year.

BALLOU AND THE CRIMEAN HEROES.—The public meeting to make preparations for a banquet to such of the soldiers now stationed in Ireland as wear the Crimean medal, took place on Monday at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor presided; and among those present were Lord Viscount Gough, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and a respectable number of other influential men. Lord Gough announced that the Duke of Malahide had promised to visit him in Ireland, and the hope was expressed that the Duke would be present at the intended banquet.

THE PROVINCES.

MR. ROEBUCK AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.—Mr. Roebuck has been presented by his constituents at Sheffield with one thousand guineas. The residue of the public subscription is to purchase a portrait of the Honourable Member, to be placed in some public hall in Sheffield. On Wednesday last week, the presentation took place. The Music Hall was crowded in every part. At half-past seven o'clock, the Mayor came up on the platform, accompanied by Mr. Roebuck, who was received with protracted cheers. After some introductory observations by the Mayor, Mr. Roebuck addressed the auditory in a speech, of which the more remarkable passages were as follow:—"When I began political life, all the world was alive about the Reform Bill; and I recollect being carried, as it were, upon the shoulders of the people, in opposition both to Whigs and Tories, upon that occasion. But now, if an angel of light were to come down with reform in his hand, the people of this country would turn from him, not with disgust, but with anxiety, and would say, 'That is not what we desire on the present occasion.' What is it, then, you do require? I will tell you what you require. You have seen England within the last few years engaged in a fierce struggle with one of the greatest Powers of Europe. You have sent from your shores an army of gallant men, such as England never sent from her shores before. (Cheers). That army, you have heard—for you did not say—that army was suffered to dwindle away, after victory such as usually distinguishes British soldiers. You heard that there came upon that army all the evils of disease, of want, and of misery. I ask you, why did this occur? I will tell you why. Because the Government of this country was composed of men sought for only in the ranks of the parties of the State. The aristocracy of this country govern the country. I think they govern it ill. Now, I say, what you desire is to see that all the powers of the State be well administered. You cannot effect this but through the House of Commons. Some time ago, when the Administrative Reform Association were collected together, there was a belief that they could obtain their end without at all affecting the House of Commons. I, who have passed my life in that House, who have seen its influence upon the Government of this country, believe that nothing can be done but through it. Well, then, we must begin with you. It is not simply in the House of Commons—it is in the constituency of this kingdom—that we must begin." Mr. Roebuck also referred to the despotisms now overshadowing Europe, and he believed the present stillness betokens that we are on the eve of great and wonderful changes, to be effected by means of revolution.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The one hundred and thirty-third festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, opened on Monday, under the most favourable auspices. The weather was magnificient, the town was full, and there was a great demand for tickets, and lodgings had been let weeks and months ago. Bradford and Birmingham have both been failures this year in point of pecuniary results, and it would really seem as if all the musical world had itself given over to the venerable Three Choir festival of Gloucester. These festivals date back as far as 1721, when the Cathedral Choir of Hereford first set them on foot.

FLOODING OF THE TAMAR MINES.—The river Tamar broke into the South and East Tamar Mines last week, and in a very short time it filled the whole of the extensive workings. Several hundred hands were thus at once thrown out of employment. South Tamar is one of the oldest lead mines we have in the county—tradition says it was worked in Queen Elizabeth's time. It resumed working some years since, and a large capital was expended in erecting powerful machinery, and clearing up the old mine. Since that it has paid several dividends. It is feared that there is not a chance of the mine ever working again.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS AT WEST HARLEPOOL.—A very shameful disturbance occurred, on Sunday week, in Christ Church Cemetery, West Harlepool. A funeral was to take place that day in the cemetery; and the incumbent of West Harlepool and chaplain of the cemetery (Mr. Burges) of course thought it his duty to officiate. On reaching the place of burial, he saw a Mr. Jackson and his son listening to the spot. Now there had been some differences between these gentlemen. On arriving at the cemetery, Mr. Burges went into the keeper's lodge, where he usually resided, to put on his surplice, and suddenly found the door of the lodge secured, both Mr. Jackson and his son resting with their backs against it. He repeatedly attempted to force his way out, but was as often pushed violently back by Messrs. Jackson. Mr. Burges then went to the window and called "Police." An inspector of police, who was in the cemetery, went to the window, but he said he could not interfere. Mr. Burges was detained in the lodge about twenty minutes, when the people, becoming excited, appeared determined to take out the window; and Mr. Jackson, fearing that probably some disturbance would arise, told Mr. Burges if he would take off his surplice, he would let him out. Mr. Burges refused to accept this condition; and shortly afterwards, the Rev. —— Ridley, vicar of Stanton, came up, and then Mr. Jackson, handing him a surplice out of the lodge, desired him to put it on, and do duty. Mr. Ridley complied, remarking that Mr. Burges was not authorised to perform the ceremony. Rather than that a scene should take place at the grave of the deceased, Mr. Burges now gave way, under protest, and was then let out of the lodge. Mr. Ridley and Mr. Jackson entered the cemetery, and Mr. Ridley got into the reading-desk, Mr. Jackson standing near him. The father of the deceased child thereupon took up the coffin and left the church with it, greatly excited, and declaring that a knife should be put through his heart before he allowed Mr. Ridley to do duty over his child. He said he would allow no one but Mr. Burges to perform the service. Mr. Jackson now called upon the incumbent, who was leaving the cemetery, to return and bury the child; and, after protestations on one side and quibbling on the other, the deceased was interred. Surely the bishop must have the power to put a stop to such disgraceful scenes.

A CURIOUS PRESENTATION.—A number of gentlemen interested in the Society for the Suppression of Climbing Boys, last week presented sixty or seventy of the master sweeps of Birmingham with one of Glass's patent machines, upon their signing an agreement not to employ boys for the future. The understanding is, that all who break their agreement will be prosecuted.

FRANC AND ENGLISH FISHERMEN.—Lieutenant Groves recently held an inquest in the Town Hall, North Shields, into certain allegations made by the Northumbrian fishermen, with regard to the French boats fishing within the proscribed limits, injuring the fishing of the British fishermen, and putting their lives in danger. An international treaty prescribes the French boats fishing within three leagues of the coast; but as our Admiralty has not given any protection to the English fishing upon the southern coast of Northumberland this season, the French boats have just done as they have thought proper, and as they are large luggers, with crews of twenty hands each, and as our men fish with but three hands each, and but light gear, they have shot their nets within a mile or a mile and a half of the shore, and have done a very considerable amount of damage. In fact, so perilous was it for our men to fish near the Frenchmen, that on one or two nights when fish were plentiful, and the wind off the shore, they were obliged to haul up their nets and return home again lest their boats should be staved by the heavy kegs which the French vessels use as floats to their nets. Lieutenant Groves, after ascertaining all the facts, reported to the Admiralty. He has now put to sea, with instructions, to attend upon the fishing as far as Yarmouth, and strictly enforce the law. The French Government, who get a considerable amount of their conscription for the navy from the fishermen, have two steamers on the coast looking after their men.

DIFFICULT CASE.—It is said that one of the Bristol banking-houses, after being unable for some time to balance their accounts of a particular day, at length discovered that they had given two separate customers credit for the same sum (about £100) in their books. On referring to the parties, both claim to have paid it, and both have got credit for it. A Solomon is required to decide between the two elements; but there being no Solomon, it is probable that the case will have to be settled by a court of law, as the bankers pronounce for one.

SEIZURE OF FORGING APPARATUS BY THE BIRMINGHAM POLICE.—Edward Chater, one of the largest forgers of bank notes in Birmingham, has been apprehended, and the greater portion of his apparatus seized by the police. His abode was in a court in Smallbrook Street, whither on Thursday morning Messrs. Glossop and Dutton, of the detective force, proceeded. On gaining admission, they found that the man was not at home. His wife was there, and she was made a prisoner. The officers then proceeded to search the premises, and discovered that Chater's bed-room was his workshop. A press used in the manufacture of the notes was standing there, and no less than 104 unfinished notes were strewed about to dry. This was at an early hour in the morning, so the forgers must have been at their work during the night time. The notes wanted nothing but the watermark and numbers to complete them, and the plates for this purpose, with several others, were found concealed in the room. The press, plates, and notes, were of course taken possession of by the officers, and Sergeant Dutton was left to guard them and the female prisoner, whilst Mr. Gossop watched outside the house for Chater's return. When he came, he passed by his own door, and the officer, thinking perhaps he had some scent of what had taken place, and that he meant to escape, instantly seized him. He was surprised to find his house in such confusion, not knowing anything about either the notes or the forging apparatus being in the place," as he said. However, the officers marched their prisoners to the station. The result of the hearing was the liberation of the female prisoner, and the committal of her husband for trial at the Warwick March Assizes.

FISH INJURED.—A singular accident occurred, a few days since, at the Bridgwater Brewery, Langport, Somerset. By some unexplained cause, a considerable portion of the brickwork of the "jibbing" gave way, whereby the head of a large vessel, in which were about 2,500 gallons of strong beer, was stove in. The liquor of course ran out, and a large portion of it found its way into a small river called the Ivel, and thence into the river Parrett, of which the Ivel is a tributary. The effect on the fliny inhabitants of the Parrett was remarkable; they were stupefied, and turned up by thousands. The water from Langport to the railway bridge over the Parrett was covered with fish for a distance of full two miles. All kinds of fish seemed to share the same fate, as there were to be seen amongst the dead road, dace, jack, carp, eels, &c.

IN THE LAND TRANSPORT COACHES, now at Horfield Barracks, near Bristol, there are one hundred sergeants and thirty-two commissioned officers to command two privates.

FATAL COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

The Pilot ship *Perseverance* was brought into Portsmouth on the evening of Friday week, the master, mate, ten on the crew, and ten passengers, being all who were supposed to be saved from the ship *Ocean Home*, which left Rotterdam on the 1st inst., with 105 souls. The *Ocean Home* belonged to Brunswick, State of Maine, 646 tons, and was laden with a general cargo of madder, zinc, white, black, tin, &c., and bound to New York; crew, including officers, seventeen; passengers, a dozen women, and children, eighty-eight. On Friday morning she was going down the channel under all possible sail, wind S.E. by S., on the port quarter, and at twenty minutes past two o'clock, when the Lizard bore north, distance of 2,000 miles, from New York to London.

The foremast of the *Ocean Home* was carried over the off side, and she went down in about twenty minutes.

Several of the seamen jumped instantly into the rigging of the *Cherubim*. Most of the passengers were asleep in their berths, but ten contrived, with three of the crew, to get a quarter-boat, and in a sinking state to join the *Cherubim*, which was then at some distance. By the concussion the windlass was driven on the foredeck, which prevented the seamen below from coming on deck.

Captain Marryman ran to the after hatch to call the passengers, and was taken down with the ship, after being entangled with the rigging; he came to the surface, caught hold of a piece of wood, and then of a cabin door, which supported him four hours, when he, with the mate, who was saved in a similar manner, was rescued by the *Cherubim*'s boat.

The second mate and three other persons put off in another boat at the same time, and it was supposed they had perished. They were, however, picked up by the schooner *Martha*, and landed at Milford.

The cutwater of the *Cherubim* was knocked away, and some of the timbers and butts started, but she proceeded at once up Channel.

FALL OF A HOUSE—INQUEST ON THE BODIES.

THE neighbourhood in which occurred this catastrophe, as briefly recorded in our last week's number, consists of several small courts and alleys of dilapidated tenements; and the house in question had been in a dangerous state for some time past. It comprised two floors, with a cellar (that underground) beneath, and was occupied by fifteen persons, one a pauper woman, who was saved. The four persons killed were a man named Palmer, and his three children-in-law, aged respectively fourteen, twelve, and five. Palmer's wife, the mother of these children, survives; but she and her baby were buried in the ruins, and were much hurt. Mrs. Palmer made the following statement on being dug out from the heaps of rubbish:—

"We occupied the back room on the first floor of the house, for which I paid Mr. Crane 2s. per week rent. There were my husband and myself, in my arms, my boy, who was out in a situation, and my other children—Elizabeth, James, and Thomas Pullen, by a former marriage. We lived in the one room. My husband is a dock labourer, and I am in the habit of going out washing and earning a trifle. I was out washing on Tuesday, and received 1s. 6d., and was very tired. My poor boy was kept later at work at his situation than usual, and so his life was saved. About nine o'clock I was preparing my husband's supper, when I heard a noise as if the walls were cracking, and saw dust falling from the ceiling. I said to my husband, 'Oh, I am sure the house is falling.' He replied that I was always thinking so, and that it was the man in the next room sharpening his knife. I said that would not cause the walls to crack or the dust to fall, and I was sure the house must be falling. Nothing further was said; however; we had our supper, and shortly after ten o'clock we went to bed. I was weaning the boy in my arms, and, in consequence of his crying, I got up about five minutes to twelve o'clock and gave him some milk. He fell asleep in my arms, when I felt the boards of the floor shaking under me. This was a few minutes after twelve o'clock. I felt the shaking of the floor more and more, and called out to my poor husband, 'Oh, good God, the house is falling!' Save my poor children!" He got up, and was going to the corner of the room where my three children lay on the floor, to save them, no doubt. That is the last I saw of them. I ran to the stairs, screaming for Mrs. King to escape with her family. As I got towards the bottom of the stairs, they gave way under me, and as the house fell, I was thrown out, with my boy in my arms, on to the pavement in the court. I can recollect little more than that I and my baby were saved, and that we were nearly suffocated by the clouds of dust. My child was hurt by the fall. I had strong doubts about the security of the house, and had talked to my husband about leaving. Last Saturday night week, Mr. Crane called upon me for 2s., the week's rent. I told him he had better have something done to the fire-place, for it was not safe. There was a large crack by the side of the fire-place. He said he would call in a few days, and look to it. He went away, but nothing has been done to the place or the house. I paid my rent last Sunday, and am now in the most destitute circumstances. I earned 1s. 6d. by going out washing on the Tuesday, which I put under my bed, and I am in hopes I shall find it."

An inquest was held, the facts given in evidence being mainly the same as those narrated above, but some particulars in the testimony of James Frederick King must be added. He said:—"The first complaint he had made since Mr. Crane had been landlord was about a week before the house fell. The windows had frames, but most of the glass was gone. Crane said that if they wanted the glass put in they must do it themselves, as they took the rooms with the glass out. Witness had a large family, and could not afford to put the glass in, so that he was obliged to patch them up. When he took the room the glass was out. The floor was thoroughly eaten away; the worms crawled in and out; and last week he fell in three times. He pointed that out to Crane, who said, 'Well, you must make the best of it.' He did not hear any cracking noise until just prior to the house falling down, and he then thought it was a violent shower of hail. Crane came for the rent (eighteen-pence) last Sunday morning, and witness, not having any work, could not pay. Crane said, 'Well, if you don't pay, you know the consequence,' and went away."

The jury, after deliberating twenty minutes, returned a verdict of accidental death, accompanied by the following recommendation:—"The jury earnestly recommend to the Commissioners of Sewers that they would order a special survey forthwith to be made of all the buildings in the City of London, that from age or other causes may be supposed to be out of substantial repair." The inquiry lasted from eleven o'clock till half past four.

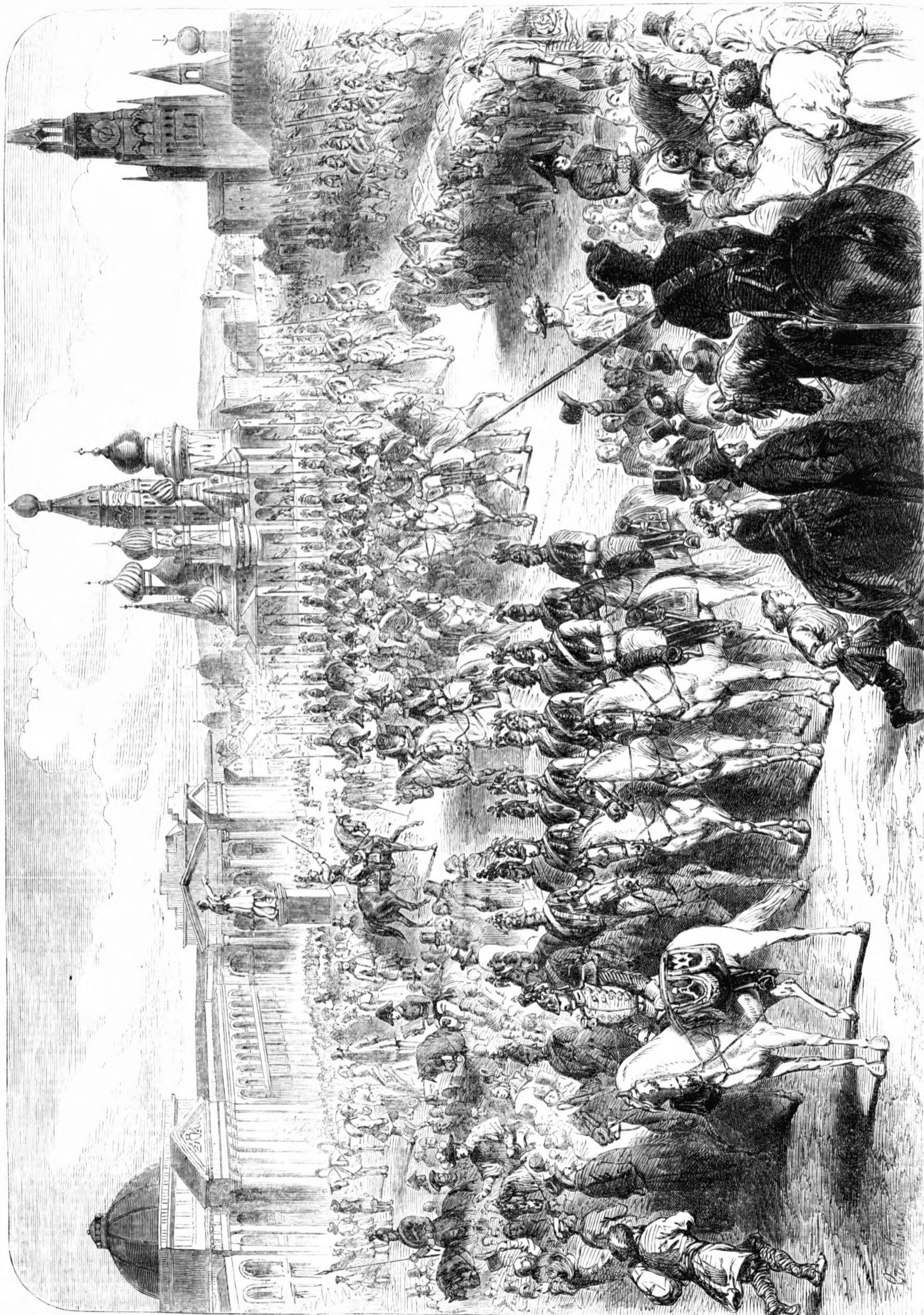
THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace seem never tired of adding to the attractions which already make Pengo Hill the most pleasant public resort in all Europe. Concerts the most perfect, flower shows more charming than ever were seen elsewhere, a fine picture gallery, and magnificent fountains in a most pleasant, garden, almost everything in fact that delighteth the eye or charmeth the ear, have this season been found at Sydenham. The Crystal Palace has, in fact, become an almost perfect institution of refreshment, mental and physical, to the great toiling city which lies at its feet; and little as (we are afraid) that fact is appreciated generally, for our own part, we are alarmed at the remembrance that so great a source of refinement should be liable to the vicissitudes of mercantile enterprise.

The general beauty of the place is of itself the best possible means of art-cultivation amongst the masses. But actual art treasures are rapidly increasing in this building. The recent and successful experiment of establishing a picture gallery as part of the amusements of the place, has proved that works of art have strong attractions yet, in England. We believe that the expansion of the fine arts department will be attended with beneficial results, and also that an instalment of the good we may expect will be found in the exhibition of the works by the late celebrated Belgian sculptor, Charles Geerts, now in course of arrangement in the Crystal Palace, and which will be shortly opened to the public. Too decided a bias in this direction is, however, to be carefully avoided; and the corrective is easily afforded by such magnificent exhibitions of flowers and fruit as were held at the Palace this week.

THE FAILURE OF THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—The suspension of the Royal British Bank created an excitement which has hardly yet waned. As soon as it was reported, crowds blocked up the approaches to the establishment, and it was found necessary to place policemen on the spot, to keep a path clear for passengers. A large number of depositors and shareholders who had met at the bank without concert, endeavoured, with the aid of the directors, to ascertain their real position, and it was agreed among some of the principal depositors that they would themselves consent to wait six months, and would recommend their fellow claimants to do the same if any security could be given that the shareholders would supply sufficient funds to insure payment at the end of that period. Some such arrangement has in fact been made. The directors declared that 20s. in the pound would be paid, and proposed to pay 5s. in one month, 5s. in three, 5s. in six, and the remainder in nine months. This arrangement seems to have given satisfaction. Mr. Coleman, the accountant, has been called in, and a statement of affairs is being prepared, which will be submitted to a general meeting on the 20th inst. It appears that the amount sunk in the Cefn iron and coal works, in Glamorganshire, exceeds £100,000 (the original loss having been £25,000); that advances have been made to former directors and to the late manager which will probably involve deficiencies of more than £50,000; and that bills of Mr. Edward Oliver, of Liverpool, and bonds of the Westminster Improvement Commission, are still among the assets.

THE CAPTAIN of a New York packet ship has been fined £250 for having put to sea short-handed. It appears that after the vessel had passed the inspection of the government officers at Liverpool, when she had a full crew shipped, she landed some of them. The men were hired for the purpose of passing the



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—THE PROCLAMATION OF THE CEREMONY BY THE IMPERIAL OFFICERS, IN THE RED MARKET PLACE, AT MOSCOW.

THE CHURCHES IN MOSCOW.
WHEN a stranger reaches Moscow, and dashes to the famous bell-tower of the Kremlin, and has before him such a spectacle as perhaps exists nowhere else in the world, its pervading character is its unparalleled variety of florid effects and Oriental gaudiness. Yet gaudy is the harshest word that can be used; it is not tawdry. The architecture defies all rules, save that of a certain consistency with itself. The wildest Gothic is tame and destitute of resource in comparison with this profuse assemblage of all the airy styles that ever devised palaces and temples for the imaginative East—Byzantine, Moresque, Arabesque, all in one, and something beyond each and different from each—light, and full of fantastic conceptions; but not earnest, masterful, ostentatious, imperial. Among the most striking objects in this vast amphitheatre are the domes and steeples of churches and convents. Weber, in 1730, estimated the churches at 1,500; Coxe, in 1778, fixed them at 484; now, 600 churches, besides convents, are said to be in the city. The fact is, and it is sufficient for our purpose to say, that the buildings in Moscow destined for religious worship are countless.

Church architecture and the Christian religion were brought from Constantinople about the same time. Both, being transplanted to Russia, became modified; and hence arose the Russian Greek Church and the Byzantine Russian architecture.

The orthodox form of the Greek church is that of a Maltese cross. It is surmounted by several domes varying in height, that of the centre one being the most considerable. The singularity of the architecture is farther enhanced by the decorations, which are such that the eye is literally dazzled with the brilliant effect produced by the various forms and rich coverings of roofs, on which gold and silver, and bright colours, glisten in the sun.

The interior of a Russian church is much decorated, and the walls are covered with pictures of saints. The space within the edifice destined for the congregation is separated from the sanctuary by the "picture-wall," which is covered from top to bottom.

Before this wall, as Kohl tells us, runs a low gallery, cutting off a slightly elevated space which is ascended by a few steps. This species of ante-room is destined for the choir, which is placed at the side. In the midst of the sanctuary stands the altar. The objects placed on it are a large Bible, often adorned with gold and precious stones, a cross of silver on which the Saviour is rarely represented, the Greek Church in general not tolerating sculptured images, but on which angel heads or other ornaments are simply traced. This cross is also laid flat upon the table, standing crosses being never seen in the Greek churches. Between the Bible and the cross, the host is kept in a box, often of metal, in the form of a hill set thick with angels, and within a cave is a small silver coffin, containing the host itself. In one corner of the sanctuary stands a table for the bread and wine, before it is carried in procession to the altar, for the transubstantiation; and in the other a looking-glass, a comb, and other appendages of the toilet, for the use of the priests. Besides this looking-glass there is generally a room which, besides being appropriated to the priestly wardrobe, often contains many articles of great value; splendid mitres, crosiers, Bibles, and other things, presents from various princes, besides a number of loose jewels used for the adornment of new robes.

The whole ground on which a church stands is holy, but most particu-

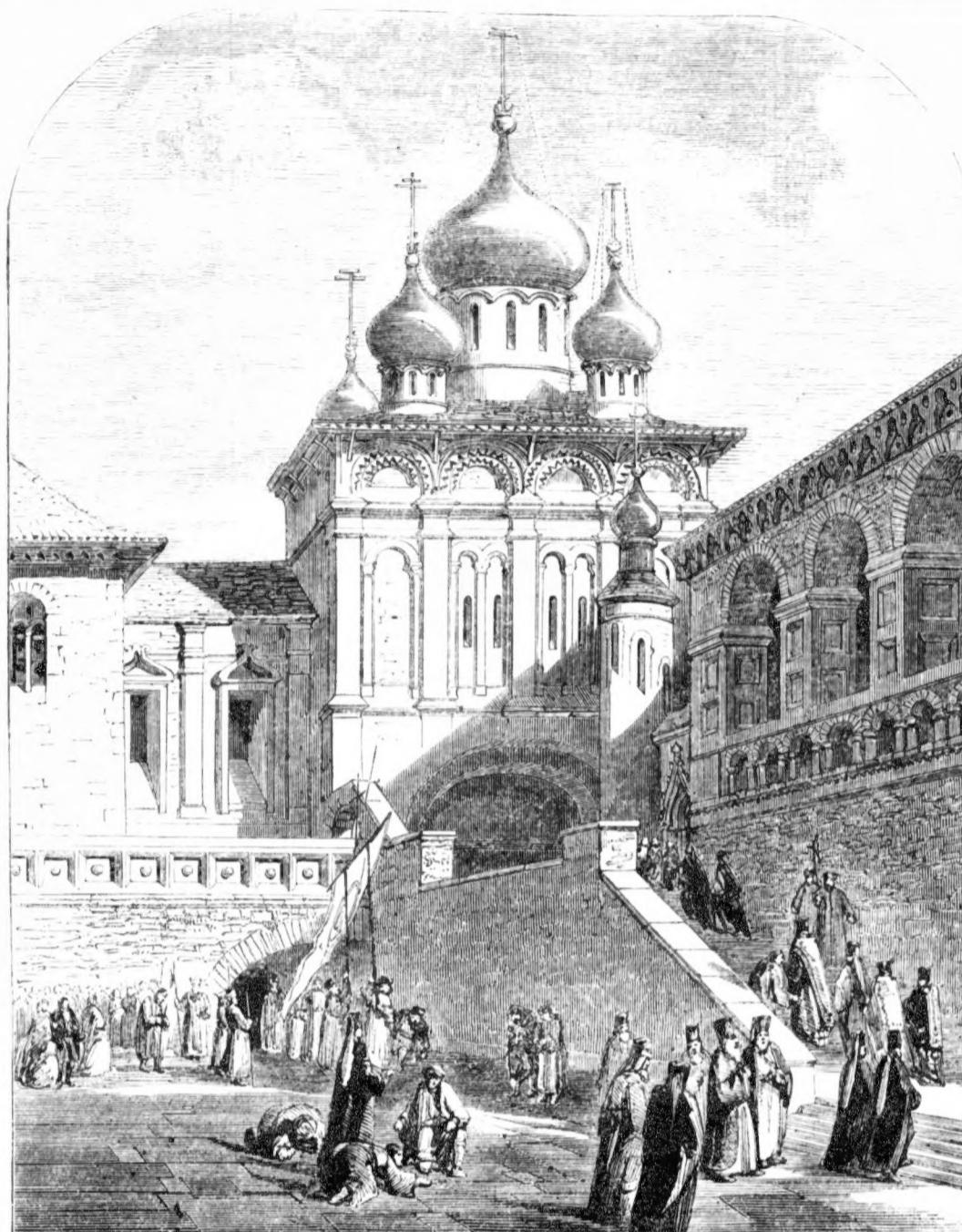
larly and for ever holy is the spot on which an altar has once rested; not even a priest can unconsecrate it. Though the church vanish, no other building must arise there, nor must any human foot profane that spot. Should the church be burned or pulled down, this place is carefully indicated. A stone is sunk with an inscription stating the name of the church and the manner of its disappearance; round the stone a little wall is built, and the whole is roofed in.

As specimens of the ecclesiastical edifices in which Moscow abounds, we this week illustrate our pages with engravings of "The Cathedral of the Twelve Apostles," and of "The Church of William the Happy."

No country in the world has so few old churches as Russia, because formerly all were built of wood, and therefore soon fell into decay, or became the prey of the flames. A few stone churches were built towards the latter end of the middle ages, and are still to be seen in Kieff, Moscow, and a few other cities. Although the most renowned and honoured temples in Russia, they are excessively small and incredibly dark. The roofs rise in five pointed cupolas, which sit on them like the breasts on the statue of Diana at Ephesus. Every cupola is surmounted by a tall gold cross resting on a crescent, and hung about with all sorts of chains that fasten it to the cupola. Without, these cupolas are painted of the gaudiest colours the palette can afford, and are often gilded or silvered into the bargain. From their interior a gigantic picture looks down, whose enormous ugliness is much better calculated to scare than to assist devotion. It is generally the figure of the Redeemer, the Virgin, or of John, and in the centre cupola is the pictured form of an old gray-headed man, meant to represent the Father. The walls are usually painted from top to bottom with grotesque-looking saints and angels, all pretty much in the style of the fifteen-ell-long Mary in the church of Marienberg in Russia, and the Roland of Bremen. Fortunately, they are pretty well faded, and it will hardly occur to any in the coming century to restore them. The centre cupola is supported by four pillars, so immoderately thick that they diminish the space of the church very considerably.

If there are few old churches in Russia, there is at least no scarcity of new ones. The essential part in the new style is naturally copied from the old, and reduces itself to a square form with a large cupola in the centre, and four smaller ones at the sides. The principal innovation is a lavish use of columns, generally the ornamented Corinthian, with an enlargement of space and an increased number of windows. In the new churches, the hains with which the cupolas in the old ones are loaded, like filigree-work, are left out, but otherwise all are alike be-cupola'd, be-crossed, be-pillared, in white, green, and gold, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. The cupolas and towers of these churches are mere ornaments, and serve no other purpose, as our steeples do. The custom of placing clocks in them is wholly unknown in Russia.

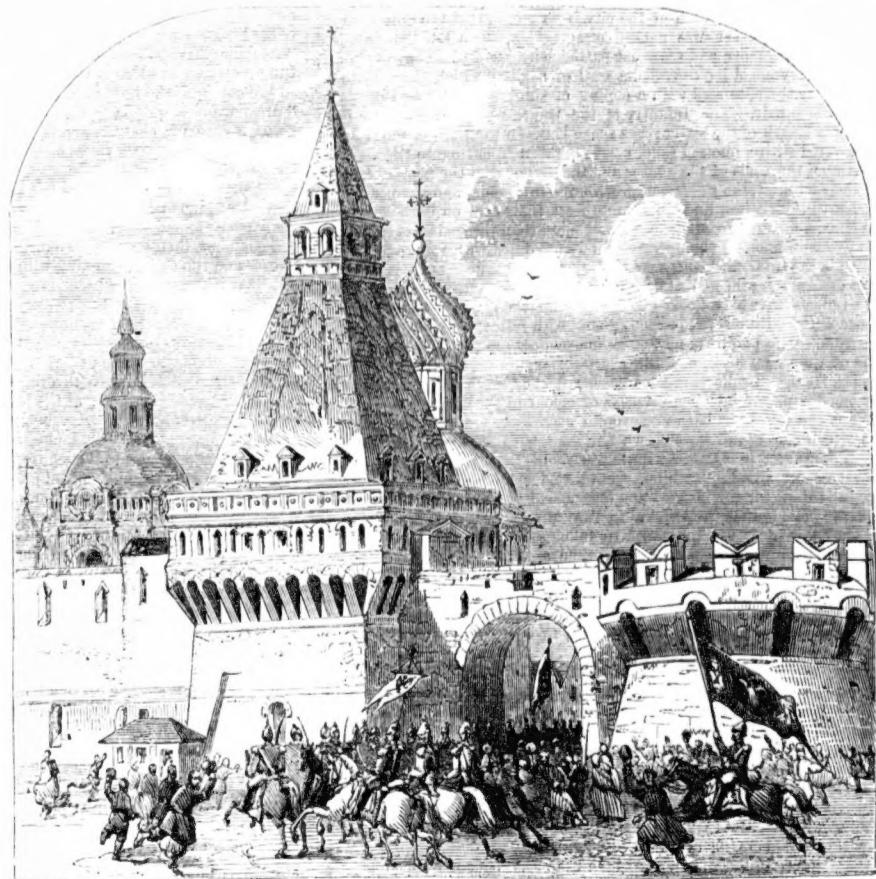
The bells are not suspended in the cupola, but placed in a side building erected for the purpose—the Kolokolnik (the bell-bearer). In the country churches, where the land is rich in trees, the Kolokolnik is generally an old oak, on whose boughs the whole chime is suspended, as if the tree bore bells by way of fruit. In some places the bells are hung under a kind of triumphal arch, as in Novgorod, but bell-towers are more frequent. These towers are hung as full of bells as a palm-tree is full of cocoa-nuts—small, middle-sized, and of colossal dimensions, tinkling, ringing, and bellowing. When such a Kolokolnik sets to work on a holiday, and gives its lungs full play, or when, in a capital, twenty or thirty at a time begin their concert, heaven have mercy on the ears that are not dead to every sense of harmony! It is a curious sight to see a Russian ringer begin his work. He does not put the bells themselves in motion: indeed, they have no clapper. To every bell a moveable hammer is attached, and, from the hammers, strings are passed to the ringer. If he has only two to ring he sits down and pulls on either side alternately. But when he has many, he holds some in his hands fastens another to his back and sets others in motion with his



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES AT MOSCOW.



THE CHURCH OF WILLIAM THE HAPPY, MOSCOW.



THE GATEWAY OF ST. NICHOLAS, MOSCOW.

legs. The motions he is obliged to make have a most comic effect; a former Czar found the business so diverting that he used generally to ring them himself in the Court church. What renders this noise so disagreeable is, that the people never allow the sounds to succeed in measured time, but hammer away, right and left, like smiths upon an anvil; however, the bells are not attuned to each other, but clash one against the other in fearful discord.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The ecclesiastical edifice represented in our first page is the Cathedral of the Assumption, in Moscow—the scene of that grand ceremony which is now interesting all Europe. This edifice, which was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472, is one of the most splendid in Moscow, and full of rich decorations. The screen which divides the sanctuary from the nave is a magnificent piece of gilded iron work, covered with plates of silver and gold, finely wrought.

On the walls of the Cathedral are painted the images of more than two thousand saints, the most precious treasure being a picture of the Virgin Mary, ascribed to St. Luke. It is revered for its miraculous powers, and enclosed with a large silver covering, which is never removed but on great religious festivals, or on the payment of a fee to the verger.

Of the churches grouped together in the area of the Kremlin, the Cathedral of the Assumption is far the most remarkable; and its importance is increased by its being the sacred edifice in which the Czars are crowned.

THE GATEWAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The Nicholas gate is inferior in interest only to the Holy Gate, of which everybody has heard. It was near this Nicholas Gate, with a wonder-working picture over its entrance, that Napoleon's powder-wagons exploded, and destroyed a large part of the arsenal and other buildings. The gate escaped with a rent in the middle; but the frame of the picture of St. Nicholas saved it from further destruction. Not even the glass of the picture or the frame suspended from it, suffered any injury. An inscription over the gate commemorates the circumstance, and a stone, the colour of which differs from the rest, marks the rent.

THE CORONATION OF THE Czar.

Our special correspondent having, we fear, reached Moscow too late to witness one of the most important preliminary ceremonies connected with the Czar's coronation, we avail ourselves of the following picturesque description of this event penned by Mr. Russell, of Crimean fame, who visits Moscow in the capacity of correspondent of the "Times":—

Moscow, Friday Night, Aug. 29.

On Monday last the Empress-Mother arrived at the Palace of Petrovsky, a country house about four miles from Moscow, where the Imperial family generally reside when ceremonies of state do not call them to the Kremlin during their visits to Moscow.

The Emperor and Empress left St. Petersburg on Friday morning, and reached Petrovsky after dusk in the evening of the same day, having travelled about 440 miles in sixteen hours, which is regarded as a great feat in this part of the world. His Majesty's reception at the station was enthusiastic, and, late as it was, thousands of people awaited his arrival, and cheered him with great energy. Wednesday and yesterday were spent in preparing for the great event, the procession of their Imperial Majesties from the Chateau of Petrovsky to the Kremlin, which took place today under the happiest auspices.

It is three o'clock, and the long street with an unknown name, which phonically I believe to be the Nerskaia, is crowded by the people of the town and those of the country, who have flocked for miles to witness the coronation. This street leads from the Kremlin to the Petrovsky Chateau, the boundary of the city being marked by a gate and triumphal arch, on the top of which there is a statue of Victory driving her chariot in a very excited way with unmanageable and runaway-looking horses. The houses, which extend from the Kremlin to the gateway in an almost unbroken line, are occupied by the better sort; in all the places, squares, and spaces before the churches, the mujik and the lower orders of tradesmen are gathered together; and platforms are erected for the authorities and those who can afford to pay for the accommodation. Many of the people have waited in the streets since daylight. It is their great holiday—it is their greatest happiness to see the Emperor. There have been several false alarms among the troops who line the streets from Petrovsky to the Kremlin, and the most patient are getting tired. But they have no right to be so, for no hour is named for the entry in the programme, although it is generally believed that his Majesty will make his appearance at three o'clock. It is now half-past three, and he has not left Petrovsky, and the day, which opened wet and lowering, and which cleared up towards ten o'clock, again darkens and threatens rain. At last the men stand to their arms for the third time, and a hum of many suppressed voices runs along the street. A dull heavy noise, like the single beat of a deep drum, is heard a long way off. It is the first *coup de canon* of the nine which announce that the Emperor is on his way to the entrance of his ancient capital. In a moment, far and wide the chimes of some 400 churches, scattered as it were broadcast all over the great city, ring out with stupendous clamour, which is musical in the depth of its tumult, and the crowd settles into an attitude of profound expectation and repose. For about 500 yards I could see up and down the street, which is about the breadth of Fleet Street. The pavements are narrow, but the extent of the route was so great, and the population of the city is so small, that the crowd, so far as I could judge, never was packed disagreeably, like a London mob, and the people could move and see what passed with facility. They could see, that is, if they could look over that wall of soldiery which stood like a massy before them, topped with a coping of shining helmets and crests of waving horse hair. The Infantry of the Guard were formed three deep the whole length of the street; the space between the lines of the soldiery was covered with a fine red sand, carefully raked from time to time.

Between the walls of the houses and the wall of men the people, manjiks, and their families, the *petite bourgeoisie*, the townfolk, and the peasantry, stood with their wives and children to feast their eyes on their Emperor. The houses, of large frontage, but rarely more than three storeys in height, are alive with people; the upper windows are filled with faces; platforms erected in the front, at the height of the drawing-room floor, are crowded with ladies dressed after the newest Paris fashions, officers, and the gentry, nobility, and strangers who have flocked to Moscow for the *fêtes*. These balconies are decorated with coloured calico or silk, with festoons of flowers and gay streamers. The two lines formed by the soldiery are as strict and exact as those of the street itself, and the eye wanders down a long perspective of helmets, faces, red collars, green frocks, red cuffs, and white trousers, till they are diminished into mere streaks of colour in the distance.

When the street has been made quite clear there are, of course, several dogs which run at full speed down the lines, with their eyes staring and their tongues out in a manner quite worthy of Tattenham Corner, or the best race courses in England, but these little incidents are not developed to their full extent for the interest and amusement of the public, inasmuch as there are no stoutish policemen to run after them, and these usually sagacious creatures are permitted to indulge in this folly of their race without let or hindrance. All this time a thousand church bells are ringing far and near with loyal vehemence, driving the rooks and pigeons in swarms out of their resting-places, to wheel and circle in the air.

In a few moments more the flourishing of trumpets and the strains of martial music rise above all this tumult, and the trumpet band of the Rifles of the Guard, close at hand, commence a wild *alerte*, which is subdued after a time to the measure of a quick march. A few moments of suspense pass heavily, and at length there appears on the red path of sand, which looks like a carpet spread in the roadway, a small party of Gendarmes-a-Cheval, preceded by a *maître de police* in full uniform. This latter officer is not like the quiet gentlemen who administer justice in Bow Street or Guildhall, nor does he resemble the more formidable-looking veronages, who, in round hats and silver-bound collars, ride the whirling and direct the storm of popular enthusiasm in England. He is a soldier every inch, from plumed casque to spur, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and clad in a rich uniform. Two and two, one at each side of the way, his gendarmes follow him in light blue uniforms with white facings, and with helmets and plumes also. They are fine-looking dragoons, and ride splendid horses.

Behind them—but who shall describe these warlike figures which come on to their own music of clinking steel and jingling of armour? They fill up the whole roadway with a flood of colour. Such might have been the Crusaders, or rather such might have been the Knights of Saladin, when the Cross and the Crescent met in battle. Mounted on high-bred, spirited horses, which are covered with rich trappings of an antique character, the escort of the Emperor comes by, and calls us at once back to the days of Ivan the Terrible. Their heads are covered with a fine chain armour—so fine, indeed, that some of them wear it as a veil before their faces. This mail falls over the neck and covers the back and chest, and beneath it glisten rich doublets of yellow silk. Some of the escort carry lances with bright pennons; all are armed with antique carbines, pistols, and curved swords. Their saddles are crusted with silver, and rich scarfs and sashes decorate their waists. Their handsome faces and slight sinewy frames indicate their origin. These are of that Circassian race which, mingling its blood with the Turks, have removed from them that stigma of excessive ugliness that once, according to old historians, afflicted Europe. Their influence on the old Muscovite type is said to be equally great; and the families which are allied with the Circassians, Mingrelians, or Georgians, exhibit, we are told, a marked difference from the pure and unmixed breed of Russian origin.

The whole breadth of the street was now occupied by a glittering mass of pennons, armour, plumes, steel, and bright colours; the air was filled with the sounds of popular delight, the clashing of bits and clinking of weapons, the flourishing of trumpets, and, above all, the loud voices of the bells. Close behind the Circassian escort and the wild Bashkirs comes a squadron of the Division of the Black Sea Cossacks of the Guard, in large flat black sheepskin caps, with red skull-pieces, long lances, the shafts painted red, and the pennons coloured blue, white, and red; their jackets of scarlet; their horses small, handsome, and full of spirit.

The forest of red lance shafts through which one looked gave a most curious aspect to the gay cavalcade. A squadron of the Regiment of Cossacks of the Guard, in blue, follows. Except in the shape of the head-dress, which is like one of our shakos in the olden time, and the colour of their uniform, these men resemble the Black Sea Cossacks.

Each squadron consists of about 200 men, and the men are by no means of that hairy, high-cheeked, *retrossé*-nosed, and small-eyed kind identified in the popular mind with their name; and far different are they from the long-crested, round headed lancers on scraggy ponies, who so long kept watch and ward over us from Czariberg's Hill. These Cossacks are well mounted and well clad, and would afford to the stranger in the front of an advancing enemy, sweep away its supplies, and hover round it to do anything but fight, unless at some enormous vantage. Suggesting some strange likenesses and comparisons, there follows after these 400 Cossacks, a large body of the *haute noblesse* on horseback and in uniform, two and two, headed by the Marshal of the Nobility for the district of Moscow. Nearly all these nobles are in military uniforms, those who are not wear the old Russian boyard's dress, a tunic glistening with precious stones, golden belts studded with diamonds, and high caps with *aigrettes* of brilliants. On their breasts are orders, stars, crosses, ribands innumerable. Menschikoffs, Rostopchins, Galitzins, Woronzoffs, Gortschakoffs, Strogonoffs, Cherenetiefs, Platoffs, Tolstoys, and the bearers of many another name unknown in Western Europe before the last century, are there carrying whole fortunes on their backs, the rulers and masters of millions of their fellowmen; but, brilliant as they are, the interest they excite soon passes away when the next gorgeous cavalcade approaches.

This consists of the deputies of the various Asiatic *peuplades* or races which have submitted to Russia, all on horseback, two and two. Here may be seen the costume of every age at one view, and all as rich as wealth, old family treasures, hoarded plunder, and modern taste can make it. Bashkirs and Circassians, Tcherkess, Abassians, in coats-of-mail and surcoats of fine chain armour, Calmucks, Tartars of Kazan and the Crimea, Mingrelians, Karapaks, Daghistanis, Armenians, the people of Gouriel and Georgia, the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian, Kurds, people of Astrakhan, Samoiedes, wild mountaineers from distant ranges, to which the speculations of even the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" have never wandered, Chinese from the Siberian frontiers, Mongols, and strange beings, like Caliban, in court dress. Some of them had their uncovered hair plaited curiously with gold coins; others wore on the head only a small flat plate of precious metal just over the forehead; others sheepskin head-dresses studded with jewels; old matchlocks that might have rung on the battle-fields of Ivan Veliki, battle-axes, lances, and scimitars and daggers of every form, were borne by this gaudy throng, whose mode of riding offered every possible variety of the way in which a man can sit on a horse. Some rode without stirrups, loose and graceful as the Greek warriors who live on the friezes of the Parthenon; others sat in a sort of legless arm-chair, with their knees drawn up after the manner of sartorial equestrians. Every sort of bit, bridle, saddle, and horse-trapping which has been used since horses were subjugated to man, could be seen here. Some of the saddle-cloths and holsters were of surpassing richness and splendour.

This cavalcade of the "peuplades soumises à la Russie" was to strangers the most interesting part of the procession; but it passed too quickly by for the eye to decompose its ingredients. What stories of the greatness and magnificence of Russia will those people take back to their remote tribes! They went by, bright, shifting, and indistinct as a dream of the "Arabian Nights." The only objection one could make to this part of the procession was that it was over too soon, and the eye wandered after it to the curve of the lines of soldiery which hid it from view. Already the "premier fourrier de la Cour," in a uniform of green and gold, has passed us on a prancing charger, and then, two and two at each side of the street, comes an array of sixty valets on the Court, in cocked hats, gold and green liveries, breeches, and white silk stockings, shoes, and buckles. Alas! those shoes are often new and the buckles tight, and the four miles march on foot has much distressed these worthy gentlemen, and they walk gingerly over the red sand. After them, in like order, come six lacqueys of the chamber, then six Court runners, and, finally, in gorgeous attire, eight negroes of the Court, grinning with all the dental *abandon* of their race.

The ceremony is now becoming most exciting, for the carriages come in view round the turn of the street. They are preceded, however, by the *piqueur* of the Emperor on horseback, and twenty huntsmen in full livery, after whom rides in great grandeur the head huntsman—the master of the Emperor's hounds. The first vehicle is an open phaeton, gilt richly from stem to stern, and lined with crimson velvet, drawn by six noble horses, with the richest trappings; at the head of each horse there is a footman in cocked hat, green and gold livery, buckskins, and patent-leather jackboots, who holds his charge by a richly embossed rein; the driver, barring his livery, seems to have been abstracted from Buckingham Palace. In this gay vehicle are seated, in uniforms of green and gold, two Masters of the Ceremonies of the Court, with huge wands of office. This description, bad as it is, must suffice for the next open phaeton and its paraphernalia, in which is seated the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. After this carriage comes a Master of the Ceremonies on horseback, followed by twenty-four Gentlemen of the Chamber, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, riding two and two. Another Master of the Ceremonies is next seen, preceding a cavalcade of twelve mounted ribandiers, who are stiff with gold lace, and covered with orders and ribands. Having got rid of an officer of the Imperial stables, who looks very like a field marshal, and two Palefreniers, in uniforms too rich for an English General, we turn our attention to the following objects:—The second "Charges de la Cour," in gilt carriages, four and four, crimson velvet linings, green and gold footmen, and fine horses. Next the Marshal of the Court, in an open phaeton, gilt all over, with his grand baton of office flashing with gems. Next the Grand "Charges de la Cour," by fours, in gilt and crimson carriages, all and each drawn like the first, with running footmen and rich trappings,—

"All clinquant—all in gold like heathen gods;

Every man that walked showed like a mine."

The members of the Imperial Council, in gilt carriages, followed the Grand "Charges"—all that is esteemed wise in Russia, skilful in diplomacy, and venerated for past services, grave, astute, and polished nobles and gentlemen, whose lives have been spent in devoted efforts for the service of their country and the promotion of the interests of their Imperial master, their breasts bear witness to the favour with which they have been regarded. It is with strange feelings one gazes on the representatives of a policy so crafty and so ambitious as that which is attributed to the Russian Court, and which in this nineteenth century is supposed to be no inconsiderable part of the learning and logic of the statesmen of Europe.

As the last of the train of carriages passes, a noise like distant thunder rolling along the street announces the approach of the Czar. By his presence is grandly heralded. Immediately after the members of the Council of the Empire the Grand Marshal of the Court rides in an open phaeton, gilt like the rest; but bright as he is, and all about him, there comes after that compared with the lustre of which he is as a mole in the sun. In gilt casques of beautiful form and workmanship, surmounted by crest casques of silver or gold, in milk-white coats and gilded cuirasses and backplates, approach the giants of the first squadron of the Chevaliers Gardes of his Majesty the Emperor, each on a charger fit for a commander in battle. These are the picked men of 60,000,000 of the human race, and in stature they certainly exceed any troops I have ever seen. All their appointments are splendid, but it is said that they looked better in the days of the late Emperor, when they wore white buckskins and jackboots, than they do now in their long trousers. The squadron was probably 200 strong, and the effect of the polished helmets, crests, and armour was dazzling. Their officers could scarcely be distinguished, except by their position, and the extraordinary beauty and training of some of their horses, which slowly beat time, as it were, with their hoofs to the strains of the march. The First Squadron of the *Garde-à-Chera* follows, so bright, so fine, that one is puzzled to decide which, they or the chevaliers, are the bravest.

But as we are debating this point the tremendous cheering of the people and the measured hurrahs of the soldiers, the doffed hats and the reverences of the crowd, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the clash of presenting arms, warn us that the "Czar of All the Russians, of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from them," is at hand, and Alexander Nicholaievitch is before us. His Majesty is tall and well-formed, although he does not in stature, or in grandeur of person, come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas, but the worshippers of his deceased Majesty declare that it is wanting in the wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterised the father. His Majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite attired, after all the splendour which has gone past! He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange, and dark cock's feathers, a close-fitting green tunic, with aiguillettes and orders, and red trousers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the mad congratulations of his people, who really act as though the Deity were incarnate before them. It is said that several times his eyes ran over with tears. To all he gives the same acknowledgment—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him isolated, as he was when he quitted the Palace of Petrovsky. Thus it happens that, before he reaches the spot where the spectator is placed, he is nearly lost amid the crowd behind him; and that the moment he passes his figure is swallowed up in the plumed suite who follow at his heels. It was ordered that the Emperor should be attended only by the Minister "de sa maison," the Minister of War, an Aide-de-Camp General, a General of the Suite, and the Aide-de-Camp of his Majesty on duty; but as he turned to speak to the Grand Dukes and to the foreign princes from time to time this order was lost. Amid the crowd of great people we all search out the Grand Duke Constantine, whose keen stern eyes are piercing each window as he rides along. A countenance with more iron will, resolution, and energy stamped upon it, one rarely sees, and the Russians are not unjustifiably proud of the ability and activity he displayed when the allied squadron was expected at Cronstadt. His features and form are cast in the Romanoff mould, which the portraits of Alexander and Nicholas have made pretty well known among us. A very splendid staff follows the prince.

The Empress Alexandra Fedowna, whose appearance excited the liveliest exclamations of the people, now passed before us, her feeble frame sustained by the part she had to play, so that she surprises those who know how weak and suffering she is, when they see her *porte* and the graceful and animated bearing with which she acknowledges the cheers of the multitude. "Ah!" say they who think of the old Court, "who would ever imagine that she, who was as a feather in the air suspended by a breath, should live to see this day, and that he—*son Dieu*—should have died before her!" Her Majesty was right royally or imperially attired, but how I cannot say. A cloud of light drapery, through which diamonds shone like stars, floated around her, and on her head was a tiara of brilliants. The carriage in which she sat was a triumph of splendour—all gold and crimson velvet; and on the roof, which was composed of similar materials, was the likeness of an Imperial crown. The eight horses, which were attached to the carriage by trappings and cords of gold, were the most beautiful in the Imperial stables, and each was led with a golden bridle by a palefrenier in grand livery. To hide from her the coachman's back, perfume turned towards her Majesty's face, there was an array of little pages, who sat outside the coach on the rail with their backs towards the coachman's, and their round visages *ris-à-vis* that of the Empress. On the right of the carriage rode the Grand Ecuier; on the left the Aide-de-Camp General attached to the person of the Empress. An officer of the Imperial stable rode before it, and four Cossacks of the Chamber followed the Ecuier and the General. Behind the carriages were six Pages of the Chamber, and two Palefreniers on horseback.

As the carriage passes amid the thunders of ten thousand voices, another vehicle, if possible more magnificent, comes before us; and again the hurrahs of the troops and the people ring through the air. The Empress Marie Alexandrovna is seated in this carriage, and by her side the little Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, who is in full military uniform. Her Majesty seemed much affected as she bowed to the right and left, and acknowledged the salutations of the people with vivacity and impetuosity. The boy seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and probably the arch-ducal mind was occupied by distracting thoughts of dinner. The equipment and attendance of the vehicle were the same as those of the Empress-Mother. And now a galaxy of what are really "stage coaches," so richly gilt and decorated are they, pass before us. The first contains the Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna and Alexander Josephovna, the second the Grand Duchesses Alexandre Petrovna and Helene Paulovna, the third the Grand Duchesses Marie Nicholayna and Catherine Nicholayna, and the fourth her Imperial Highness the Princess of Oldenburg. Another military spectacle closes up in the rear of the last carriage.

The first squadron of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, and the first squadron of the Gardes Cuirassiers of the Empress, clad in surcoats of mail, part bearing lances with rich pennons, part armed with sabres only, make the ground shake beneath the tramp of their ponderous horses, and by the splendour of their equipments almost challenge comparison with the Chevalier Guard. The Dames and Maids of Honour, the Maids of Honour à portrait, the Maitresses de la Cour of their Imperial Majesties and Highnesses, follow four-and-four, in many gilt carriages, all in Court dresses, radiant with diamonds. As the last carriage passes, the first squadron of the Hussars of the Guard claims our attention. The uniform of these troops is very handsome—Hessian boots with tassels, light blue pantaloons, scarlet laced jacket, a white pelisse trimmed with black fur, lined inside with yellow satin, and a black bear-skin shako with scarlet caplace. The first squadron of the Lancers of the Guard, in blue and red, splendidly mounted, comes next in order; and the rear of the procession is closed by the municipal authorities, the civil authorities, and the magistrates of the bourgeoisie, with trade flags and civic emblems, and by the bands, kettledrums, and standards of the various cavalry regiments which have taken part in the procession. After all, the people—a crowd of long-coated, bearded people, strutting and running, and sweltering in the heat of the day—make up the grand finale of the grand pageant.

together at the horses' heels. What happened more, I cannot say, for (under all the circumstances) I could not be in two places at once—but many anecdotes of restive horses and agitated carriages were related to me; and what follows I give on the authority of the official report, and from the evidence of eye-witnesses.

At the moment the Emperor entered the city of Moscow, a salvo of seventy-one guns was fired by the artillery outside the town; and the Governor-General of the city, at the head of all the officers and *employés* of the military departments, received his Majesty, and afterwards joined the procession. The functionaries of the Hotel de Ville and the city magistrates received him at the entry of the Quarter Zemlyanoy-Gorod, and the Marshal and the nobility of Moscow at that of the Quarter Belyoy-Gorod. Thence the procession moved on to the Gate of the Resurrection (Voskresenskiy Vovota), where the whole *cortege*, all save the Emperor and two carriages, moving rapidly on, was lost to sight inside the Kremlin. Here two arched gateways, piercing the thick walls of the ancient citadel, lead to the spacious squares within. Between them, on the outer side of the wall, there is a gilded and azure coloured box, which is called the Chapel of our Lady of Iberia. It is almost small enough to be a toy, and is covered outside with stars of gold, and the doors are richly gilt. A flight at two or three steps leads to the narrow platform on which the chapel stands, and here the ground was covered with carpeting and cloth. Just opposite to this spot there was a stand for the French officers and visitors, erected probably by the care of their Minister. The English visitors found places as best they might by paying for admission to the balconies in the streets.

The carriages of the Imperial family drew up in the open space before this chapel, and the Emperor, alighting from his horse, handed the Empress-Mother first from her carriage, and next assisted the Empress to the chapel. Then they all knelt on the platform *pour saluer l'image de Notre Dame d'Iberia*, and having kissed some portion or other of the chapel, they entered the shrine, and there offered up their prayers, after which they proceeded to rejoin the *cortege* within the gate. The clergy, in full canons of the costliest kind, were present, received his Majesty, and assisted at this ceremony; and at the gate the governor and the civil authorities of the Government of Moscow were in attendance to pay their reverences to him. Inside the Kremlin an immense crowd, civil and military, were seated on benches and seats; the pavement was also thronged by a mass of persons to whom the right of entry had been accorded by the authorities, all of whom welcomed the Emperor with great enthusiasm.

The *cortege* slowly wound its way through this brilliant assemblage to the Sacred Gate of the Saviour, called Spaskiye Vovota, in passing through which every man must uncover, where the Emperor and the Empress were received by the Commandant of Moscow and the officers under his orders. The clergy attached to the churches inside the Kremlin assembled before the porch of their several edifices holding the sacred images and crosses in the air to welcome, and the Senat Dairegant was ranged at each side of the entrance of the Cathedral. Here their Majesties left their carriage, and the Emperor descended from his charger, and advanced towards the door of the Cathedral, at which they were met by the Holy Synod and the clergy, who had previously chanted *Te Deum, en actions de grâces*, for the happy arrival of his Majesty, and who awaited him with the cross and the holy water. Amid the sounds of a solemn chant and the prayers of the people, the Emperor and the Empresses entered the cathedral, and at the same moment a salvo of 85 guns was fired to announce the fact. Their Majesties—having kissed the sacred “images,” among which are a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke, and a miraculous portrait of our Saviour—walked in solemn procession, preceded by the Metropolitan of Moscow, to the cathedrals of the Archangel Michael and of the Annunciation, where they kissed more images and holy reliques, among which are a nail of the true Cross, a robe of our Saviour, and a part of the robe of the Virgin Mary, and knelt in prayer before the tombs of their ancestors. Thence they walked to the Palace of the Kremlin, where they were received by the clergy of the Court with cross and holy water, by the Arch-Marshall of the Coronation, and the President and Members of the Treasury of the Palace, who presented the Empress with the usual Russian emblems of fealty—bread and salt. His Majesty’s entrance into the Palace was announced by a salvo of 101 guns.

During this time the bells never ceased to ring, nor the people to cheer and pray; and the aspect presented by the squares of the Kremlin, as the dense concourse of people with uncovered heads besought the blessing of Heaven on their Sovereign, has been described to me as something very grand and affecting. The procession and the proceedings lasted more than three hours. Till late at night the populace continued to throng the courts and squares, and soon after it was dark the palace and barracks of the Kremlin were brilliantly illuminated. The *corps diplomatique* witnessed the procession from the windows of the palace of a Princess who entertained them to dinner, and gave a ball in the evening.

Saturday, August 30.

The Emperor inspected the Preobraginski Regiment of the Guard in the courtyard of the Kremlin to-day. The troops were in magnificent order, and were much admired, and after the parade the Tartars and Cossacks performed various feats of horsemanship. His Majesty leaves the Kremlin to night to pass the interval till the day of his coronation in prayer and fasting at the country-house, which has been fitted up for his reception by Count Cherecheteff, one of the greatest and richest of the Russian nobility. No accident of a serious character occurred in the streets yesterday, nor was there the smallest disturbance or violence. It is said that upwards of 500,000 persons were present at the ceremony, and their behaviour is certainly most exemplary. There is talk of a great act of grace for the day of the coronation,—namely, the emancipation of all who shall be born after the crown has been placed on the Emperor’s head, but there seems to be no foundation for it. Upwards of 100,000 troops are concentrated near Moscow; and it is intended to have a grand parade and field day on Monday next. The Grand Duke Constantine will hold a levee to-morrow, at which foreigners of rank will be presented.

(BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.)

Moscow, Sunday, 8. pt. 7.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander II. was solemnly crowned to-day, at twelve o’clock.

The ceremony took place in the Uspenskiy Sobor, and the act of coronation was performed by Archibishop Philaret, the Metropolitan of Moscow.

Among the special Ambassadors who were present were Earl Granville, Prince Esterhazy, M. Castalbonge, and the representative of the Sultan.

The proceedings had all that august appearance which immense preparation had designed.

An immense crowd assembled at the Kremlin Palace and in the streets, and very great enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the parade of troops, the ceremonials of the Church, the procession to the Palace, and the decorations of the city, rendered the whole affair most inspiring.

The coronation was favoured by beautiful weather. Count Orloff was created a Prince, Prince Woronoff a Field-Marshall, and Generals de Berg and Soumarokoff Counts.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.

An amnesty is granted in reference to the events of 1825, 1827, and 1831. The confiscations arising out of the said events are to remain in force.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.—Late advices inform us that the rebels took possession of Souchou, the capital of the province, and outlet of the commerce of Shanghai, on the 6th of July. Forty vessels of the Imperial fleet are cooped up near Nankin.

THE CUTLERS’ ANNUAL FEAST came off last week at Sheffield. The Duke of Newcastle was present, and took the opportunity to defend himself from the opprobrium cast upon him during the war. His Lordship may rest assured that the country is now convinced that if he was not actually equal to the post, he worked at it faithfully and earnestly.

Two THIEVES were cleverly captured at Quarby, Huddersfield, last week. The thieves had stolen some cloths, and hidden it in the false roof of Quarby School. The police discovered the hiding-place, and lay in wait till the thieves, coming for their booty one night, offered themselves for apprehension.

THE LOUNGER ABROAD.

Frankfurt.

WHEN that sooty-faced imp attached to your printing establishment, who attends me helldomdsly with such regularity, and who, I fear, passes many weary half-hours in my passage; when this young gentleman, I say, paid his visit this week, he must have found, doubtless to his great delight, that I had left town, and that his attendance would be dispensed with for at least a month. Having held to the “Illustrated Times” manfully since its commencement, and having never omitted to send “copy” regularly for nearly fifteen months, I thought I might venture upon taking a holiday; and therefore, without consulting you particularly, Mr. Editor, for fear you should throw any impediment in the way, I started for the Continent. Having so many of your staff now away (I met B. in Cologne, and heard of S. at Spa; don’t be afraid, Sir, nothing would induce me to reveal more than the initials of these illustrious men!), I thought you might perhaps request me to postpone my trip until some of them returned; and as I make it a point always to defer to your wishes, and as I am equally particular in always having my own way, I thought that both ends would be met by my departing *sous permission*. I started accordingly by the mail train on Sunday night, and not in bad travelling company, for with me came the hero of Mont Blanc, who likewise has availed himself of a *relâche*, after having repeated the account of his ascent above 1,400 times. As far as Folkestone we were fortunate in having for a companion Mr. Balfie, who had taken alarm at the accounts of typhus fever raging at Boulogne, and was hurrying to fetch his family from that pest-stricken place. The passage from Dover to Calais was much the same as usual. There were fat Englishmen who ate sandwiches and drank brandy-and-water all the way across, and thin Englishmen who lighted cigars and then threw them away, then looked for a long time at the sea, and finally retired below and were seen no more; there were sallow foreigners in enormous great coats, who pulled their hoods over their heads, stretched themselves at full length on the cabin sofas, and moaned dismaly; there were ladies who uttered but one word from the time we left Dover harbour until we were alongside Calais pier, and that word was “Basin.”

At Calais came, of course, an examination of passports, and the commencement of the miseries of the untravelled English, who may all be classed under the generic name of “Brown.” The passport inspection concluded, and a hasty cup of *bouillon* swallowed, we started at two a.m., and commenced a journey which was more wonderful and more miserable than any I have ever experienced. For, first, we tried the hopeless experiment of going to sleep, and pulled our hats over our eyes, and curled up our legs, and closed our eyelids tightly; but it would not do; we were cramped and hot, and the cloth of the carriage scratched our faces; and our heads, after two or three convulsive nods, gave one tremendous shake, which woke us outright, and caused us to change our position, and go through all these performances again. This little farce lasted until about half-past four, when we arrived at Lille, and were told, “Messieurs les voyageurs pour la Belgique changent le convoi ici;” so accordingly out we got, and hurried through an enormous station, utterly deserted, into a large *salle-à-manger*, tenanted only by ourselves, a waiter in a blue flannel jacket, and a yawning, blinking man who presided at the counter. Here we had some coffee and some brandy, and presently the waiter extinguished the one gas jet which had hitherto illuminated the chamber, and, unfastening the shutters, admitted the cold, gray light of morning. A dull, mizzling rain was falling; two or three ghostly old women, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, were moving through the streets; a wretched dog, who had been passing the night under a *porte cochère*, shook himself, and turned out to look at the weather, but finding it unfavourable, turned in again. Altogether the scene was of the most cheerless description, and we were not sorry when, about half-past five, the train started again. We changed carriages for the second time at Mons-en-Cron, for the third at Ghent, for the fourth at Malines, and for the fifth at Verviers, at each of which places we had “vingt minutes d’arrêt,” which, justly translated, means three-quarters of an hour’s stoppage. At the last-mentioned place the passports were taken away—to the terror and rage of several English people, who thought they were immediately going to be consigned by the fierce-looking gens-d’armes to some neighbouring Bastile—and restored to us at Aix-la-Chapelle. The scenery round Liege, always one of my favourite spots, looked lovely even through the pelting rain, and so did the little stations of Cloudfontaine and Pepinster, at the latter of which passengers for Spa branch off. I hear, by the way, that Spa is very full, Mr. Thackeray being among the English visitors there.

We arrived at Cologne about four in the afternoon, and though I had been there above twenty times, on this occasion I saw the quaint old city under quite a different phase. Formerly, being always by myself, and being accustomed to rough it, I had always gone to the Brüssel Hof—a second-rate house near the railway, which I can thoroughly recommend to any of your bachelor readers who are not too particular—but now having ladies in our party, we went to the Hotel Disch, one of the best in the town. Moreover, this time I saw the sights of the place, and suffered myself to be victimised in a thoroughly English manner. For we paid large sums to see the shrine of the three kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, who are said to be the three wise men who came from the East to see our Saviour, and whose three skulls are kept in the Cathedral, with tinsel crowns on them, enclosed in a casket, the worth of which was at one time enormous, so thickly was it plastered with precious stones. These stones have, however, in many places been removed, and some ones inserted in their stead, so that the value now is merely nominal. In the sacristy, however, where these tawdry reliques are kept, are ten carvings in ivory, illustrative of Scriptural subjects, each of which occupied the artist three years, so admirably executed as to amply repay inspection and outlay. We also saw the Church of St. Ursula, and the bones of the eleven thousand virgins (?) of her suite. Other reliques are here shown; a piece of our Saviour’s crown of thorns, a goblet from the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee, &c. &c., which are thoroughly believed in by many, and gazed at with due reverence and enthusiasm. Cologne is evidently the stronghold of credulity and superstition in Germany.

To the four years that have passed since I was at Cologne, vast progress has been made in the new buildings of the Cathedral, and the workmen seem, for German workmen, really in earnest about the matter. This progress is due, I understand, partly to the interest taken by the present King of Prussia in the undertaking, and partly to the exertions of the “Dom Ban Verein,” a society which has agents and correspondents in every principal town in Europe. The mania in our countrymen for purchasing *Eau de Cologne* still continues, I find, and they are to be seen marching about the streets, armed with, in addition to the never-failing Murray, a wicker-covered pint bottle of a fluid which, equal in quality, and at a cheaper rate, is manufactured by Mr. Sainsbury in the Strand.

From Cologne we proceeded to Königswinter, a little village situated immediately under the Drachenfels, with a capital hotel, from the balcony of which, while enjoying our coffee and cigars, we witnessed an extraordinary sight. We were looking up at Drachenfels (which, for the benefit of the ignorant, I may as well say is a very high rock surmounted by a ruined castle), when we saw a light flickering about the top of the mountain, and then apparently descending in a wavering and unsteady manner. I pointed it out to my companions, and after gazing at it for some time, we had decided it was a will-o’-the-wisp, when it suddenly disappeared, and at the same time a prolonged shriek, resembling the utterance of the word “Hurrroo!” rang through the air. On board the Rhine boat the next morning we made the acquaintance of an Irish gentleman, and the mystery was solved. It appeared that he had ascended the Drachenfels in the evening, and remained so long drinking and smoking in the *cabaret* at its summit, that he had forgotten the approach of night-fall, and he had finally to buy a *lantern* or Chinese lantern of the proprietor, by the aid of which he had, with many stumbles and jolts, found his way to the bottom. When about three parts of the way down, he felt and extinguished his light, and it was at this juncture he gave vent to the national exclamation of his country which had so astonished us.

The boat was full of characters. There were two German ladies who retreated to the cabin, and laid themselves down, as though they were at sea; there were Englishmen (evidently frightened by the “Times” article about “guys”) in perfect Regent Street costume, all-round collars, frock coats, stiff black hats, and varnished boots—all such nice things to travel in. There were also British exclusives, people who spoke to nobody, and looked as if they thought the Rhine ought to be very much obliged to them for coming to see it; and there was a young gentleman, with five hairs on his upper lip, which he believed constituted a moustache, and which he was constantly twiddling, who I imagine must have been poet from the solemn manner in which he gazed at the ruined castles, and then turned round and looked miserable. He was evidently suffering, but whether from the divine *afflux* or indigestion, I am unable to state.

Perhaps, however, the greatest “card” of the party, was the before-named Irishman. He was going for a two months’ tour in company of two friends, and they were all dressed exactly alike, in gray Tweed suits, with gray wide-awakes. They all had telescopes slung round them, which they slipped off at every ruin, pulled out, and made a due inspection through. They were jolly fellows enough, laughing and talking the whole day through, especially the Irishman, who gave imitations of London actors, more unlike than you can imagine, and talked about Rabson and Bockstone in the broadest accent, and with the keenest zest. It has become the fashion to call the Rhine “cockney” and “over-rated,” but to me it appeared as lovely as I always thought it. There are one or two changes since my time: the railway now runs from Cologne to Rolandseck, and as this last place is beautifully situated, and there are two fine hotels there already, I should not wonder if it quite superseded Bonn as a resting-place for tourists, and even Cologne itself for those who have once seen the Cathedral. I see they are also repairing the “Mansthurn,” a parallel fact to which cannot surely be remembered by the “oldest inhabitant.”

The boat reaches Mayence about seven p.m., but I would advise those persons going on to Frankfurt to sleep at Castel, on the other side of the Rhine, whither the boat will land them five minutes after leaving Mayence. There is an excellent hotel at Castel—Barth’s, comfortable, and not dear. Frankfurt is thronged, for the great fair is being held down by the river Main, and purchasers from all parts of Germany are trafficking there. The principal wares appear to be pipes and braces, which are here in immense numbers, the latter being sold by the Tyrolese peasants in their picturesque costume. The booths or stalls are most solid wooden edifices, fitting to each other as though intended to last for ever. My companion said that they reminded him immensely of an Eastern street, and that it but wanted the Turks in their long robes to give a perfect *visage* to the scene. To a stranger, however, there is this annoyance—many of the splendid old houses are completely shut out from view, these stalls being built against them. We have just returned from one of the best circuses I ever saw, the “Circus Renz,” which, though travelling and temporary, is built of wood in the most substantial manner, lighted with gas, and capable of holding 3,000 persons. The performances were equal to anything at Franconia’s. To-morrow we are off to Baden, and I will write to you a day or two after our arrival.

RAMSGATE: CATT’S OYSTER ESTABLISHMENT.

OUR readers will perhaps remember that, in an article on Ramsgate, which appeared in No. 69, some allusion was made to an oyster establishment at that favourite watering-place, stated to have been kept by one Mrs. Catt. The remarks of our correspondent respecting this establishment seem to have offended its present proprietor, whose solicitors wrote to us on the subject. We intimated in reply, that if the party in question thought proper to furnish us with a statement in explanation, it should have admittance into our columns. After an interval of nine days, we received the following letter; and, in accordance with our promise, hasten to lay it, with the annexed “little article,” before our readers:—

14, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, Sept. 8, 1856.

SIR.—We have seen our clients, and if you think proper to insert in your next Number the enclosed little article, they will suffer the loss of the past. Your enclosing two guineas for our fees. Should you decline this facile mode of compensating, we trust you will give us credit for using every exertion to prevent litigation.

Yours, &c.,

The Editor of the “Illustrated Times.”

MAY AND SWEETLAND.

In some observations descriptive of scenes at Ramsgate, which appeared in our journal on the 23rd August, it seems that we have most unwittingly given offence to a highly respectable family in that town, who have for nearly a century carried on a most flourishing trade in the oyster and shell-fish line. As it was far from our intentions to injure the feelings, or depreciate the business, of any individuals, in a facetious description of Ramsgate attractions, we are the more ready at once to express our regret that any of the observations of our “occasional correspondent” should have had even the appearance of personality. It was certainly an error to speak lightly of the late Mrs. Catt, a person who had for so many years attracted customers by a good-natured attention to her numerous friends—still more so to describe her as a widow, thus implying that, with her decease, the business of the establishment had waned, the fact being that the same is still most successfully carried on by Isaac Catt, the original proprietor, and his son, with the same good character for its oysters that it has ever borne; and having stated thus much, we trust we have made the “amende honorable” to a family whose reputation by no means merited any reflections, which they believe were conveyed in our remarks, but which we most unhesitatingly disavow.

THE OLD TALE EVER NEW.

SAYS an old song, “Oh, Love has been a villain, Since the days of Troy and Helen, When he caused the death of Paris, And of many many more.” And the truth of the quaint plaintive old verse is verified every day. It is true, the villany of Love seldom come out very romantically in these days of “crowners’ quest,” and juridical inquiries at the Pig and Whistle; but it is possible to read a romance of love in the report even of a crowner’s quest; and here is one.

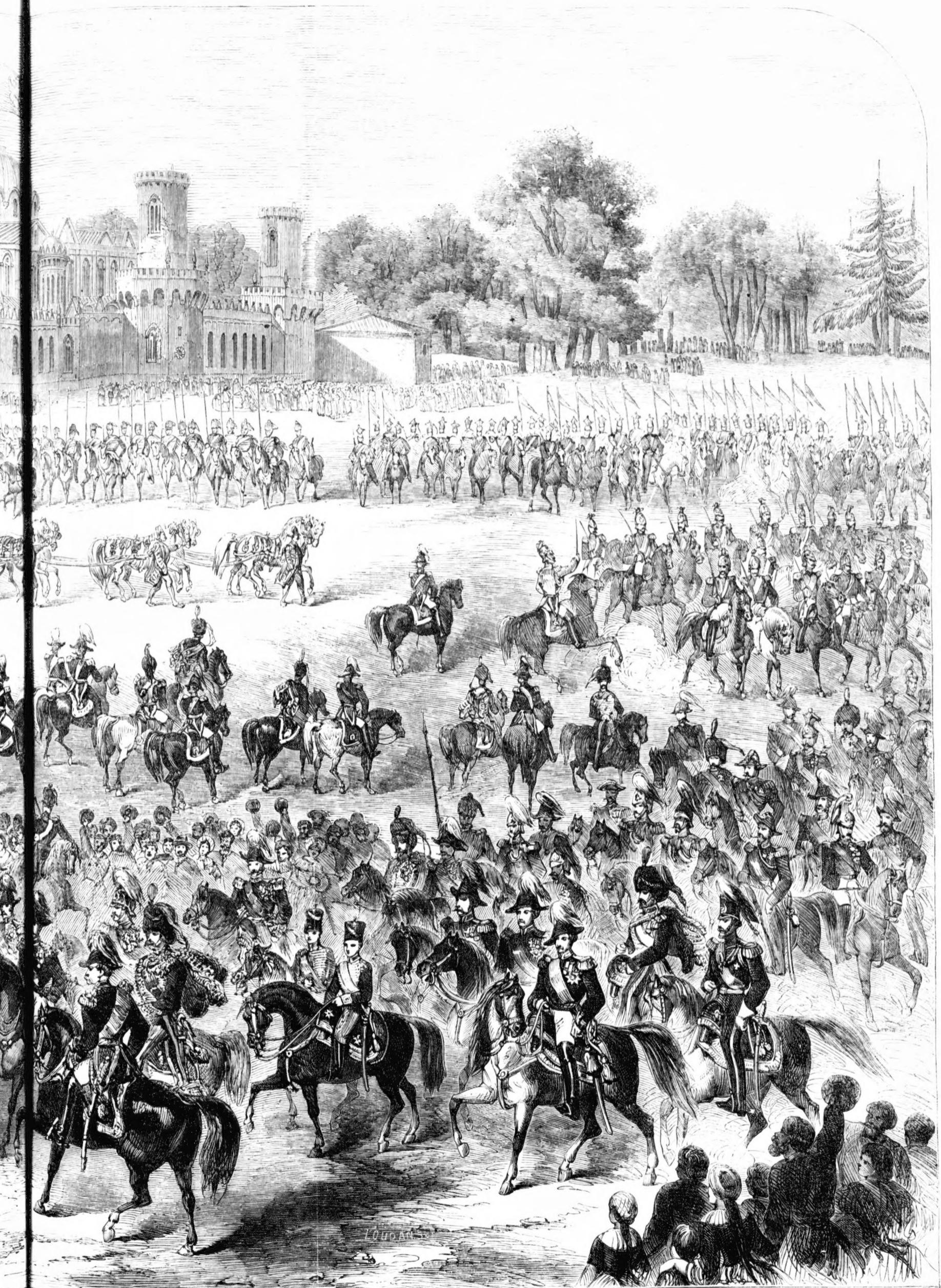
On Saturday evening last we stick to the original report—the reader must find the romance for himself), Mr. G. T. Brent, the deputy-coroner, held an inquiry at the “New Crown Inn,” St. Paul’s Terrace, Bail’s Pond, Islington, into the circumstances connected with the suicide of a very fine young woman, named Ellen Louisa Felstead, aged twenty-one, the daughter of a gun implement maker, residing at 12, Hulton Street, Lower Road, whose body had been found on the previous day in the New River, at a short distance from where the inquest was held. It appeared from the evidence of Mrs. Donaldson and the deceased’s father, that for some time past she had been keeping company with a young man named Parrott; and on the evening of Monday last she called at Mrs. Donaldson’s, about nine or half-past nine o’clock, in company with Parrott. The latter had an angry altercation with her about visiting at the above house, after which they went away, but not together. The deceased called again at half-past eleven, and inquired if Parrott had called and asked about her, and on being answered in the negative she became greatly excited, saying he would never see her again, and that he had sworn at her, and she could not bear such an insult—she could not live to be so addressed by him. She then went away, and witness saw no more of her alive.

Mr. Felstead, her father, stated that she had an altercation with Parrott at her own house, between nine and eleven o’clock, after leaving Mrs. Donaldson’s. She said to her lover, “You ridicule and satirise the family when we are together, and I cannot bear it.” After that she went up stairs to her room, and divested herself of her bracelets, combs, &c., and when the family retired to rest, slipped quietly out of the house, and was never after seen alive. Mr. Rogers, a medical gentleman, residing next door, informed the jury of her high-spirited disposition, and how deeply she would suffer under anything that she construed into an insult. She was a young woman of a very superior cast of mind. The jury, after remarking on the melancholy nature of the case, returned a verdict in accordance with the testimony of the witnesses.

On the morning of this same Saturday, a man also killed himself, not from love and pride, but from love and poverty. His widow, Mary Bradley, came forward at the inquest and said that she had only been married three weeks. She was a servant at the Dover Castle Tavern, and the deceased had paid his addresses to her for nearly five years, but from his poverty their marriage had from time to time been postponed. They afterwards, however, agreed that they should be united, and live apart for a few months until the deceased could procure a little money to buy a few articles of furniture. He was then thrown out of employment, and he became very desponding, and several times said if he could not procure her a home he should be unable to live. Poverty still holding him fast, he took a large quantity of laudanum, and so put an end to his existence.

It is scarcely necessary, but we may go to France for another affecting instance of Love’s villanies. At the Morgue, lately, was deposited the body of a young woman, only twenty years of age, who had been married four years; but she had been afflicted with a disease of the skin, for which she had tried all sorts of remedies in vain, and her life became burdensome because she found pleasure in making, could not love her on account of the malady. Three days ago the husband scolded her slightly for not having got his dinner ready in time; she seemed much affected, and after warmly caressing a lap dog, she approached to kiss him, but he turned from her. This produced a great impression on her, and she left the room. She went, in fact, straight to the bridge of Grenelle and threw herself into the Seine.





* * The Illustrated Account of the Meeting of the British Archaeological Association is forced to stand over, with other matters, for another week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. R., Bradford.—We are much obliged to you, and regret that a pressure of other subjects prevented us from engraving the photograph.

T. G. C.—Cases for binding the volumes of the "Illustrated Times" can be obtained through any bookseller or newsagent.

MENTOR.—The Bowes' trial was an event of the last century. Reports of it may be occasionally picked up at old book-salts.

I. C., St. Andrews.—We are much obliged to you, and will avail ourselves of your communication when we resume the subject.

SERGEANT W. D.—The sketches have been received.

A MEMBER OF A DISTRICT HIGHWAY BOARD.—We are unable to answer the query you put to us.

I. M.—Any intelligent bookseller will give you the information you require.

G. M., Cheshire.—The sketch is not sufficiently interesting to engrave.

ERATUM.—A Non-Commissioned Officer calls our attention to the circumstance, that in our last week's impression, we described Sergeant-Major Edwards as belonging to the "Coldstream Guards." It should have been the next battalion, the "Scots Fusiliers," to which gallant corps the Sergeant is attached.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

THE CURATE QUESTION.

EVERY class in England takes its turn to be sympathised with—of course we mean every class that has a grievance. Sometimes it is the Civil Service, with its superannuation complaint and its customs jobbery; sometimes it is the engine-drivers; at another period the needlewomen. On each occasion there is a great deal of talk—it may be a subscription is got up—reformers get honour, and martyrs sympathy; and then the question goes to sleep again for a year or two. Just at present (politics being dull) the curates are taking their turn, and we have heard a great deal about their sorrows accordingly.

At first sight, one would naturally think that the Church of England ought to be the most prosperous establishment in the world. It is rich—it is ancient—it is part of the constitution; its *personnel* is supplied by the Universities—its *prestige* is based on public opinion. Except in cases where there is a strong spiritual influence (such as founded the sects of the country), no other religious body can stand any competition with it. Even in these cases, however, it is pretty clear that the Church could have had the worshippers, if it had been well administered. But for the profoundest lethargy, it would never be beaten. And it is perfectly well known, that, when Dissenters lose their first zeal, their families are apt to slide again into an establishment so powerful and so "respectable." The secret of this strength is, that, with all her faults, the Church of England is always "English"—perhaps the most English thing of the day. With her hierarchy, her rich livings, her scholarship, she is the image of our mixed-aristocratic state of society. Practical inequality and theoretical equality is the law of all English things. The Church of England would be less national if her curates were better off. The poor curate is the brother of the "livesman" without army interest—or of the midshipman without connections—or of the friendless Government clerk. He is a "gentleman" (a word which is the eternal puzzle of the Continent, and which we hardly understand ourselves)—theoretically, he ought to be respected. But then he is miserably poor; and in England, if you have nothing in your pocket, you may as well put your gentility there instead.

However, the difficulty of the curate as compared with the poor brethren abovementioned, is his spiritual rank. He must be more "respectable" than they. And his position among priests is peculiar. A Roman priest, or a Scotch minister (the two opposite poles between which the English clergyman is the middle), may stand more on his spiritual *status* simply; he need not be "gentle." The world (using the word in a good sense) is not so tyrannical over either. But the English curate's position is anomalous. Worse off in money, he is of more refined cultivation; and, in the eyes of the people, of more social pretensions. What is more—as money increases in power, his position is more anomalous. The difficulty of having a body of curates at £60 and £80 a year gets greater every day.

Well, various views are taken of this state of things. Sydney Smith's view was exceedingly practical. Taking the world as it is (and no man of his time knew the world better), he said, "You must have Church prizes. The rich body keep up the public credit of the wide poor body. Divide the money equally, and everybody will have a little, but the whole will suffer in rank. Men of superior parts won't enter your Church." Sydney was perfectly right, from the world's point of view—only the world must alter its point of view; it must be prepared to respect a dignitary with a smaller income than the present one; for, if you weigh the credit gained by having a very rich bishop against the scandal of having such very poor curates, you will find that the Church does not gain so much as you think.

This is really a question for the Church itself—using the word Church in its narrow sense of the clergy. In these days, the English people will never consent to a fresh tax to make up the curates' incomes to a reasonable sum; so that nothing remains but to adjust the existing revenue; and vicars must make up their minds to pay curates better, at whatever sacrifice. The curate is heavily worked, and is very limited in the resources from which he can increase his income. As this fact gets more and more known, men will be less likely to invest in a lottery, where the ticket is so expensive and the prizes so few. The Church will then have to put up an inferior class of men, and so, by degrees, will more and more lose her hold on the working population. It is of course to the curates mainly that the Church of England must look for her hold on the poor. And if she is to be the national Church, she must extend her views altogether beyond the sympathies of classes and circles. This, we apprehend, she aspires to do, from what we see of the activity of certain men within her body.

Meanwhile the curates are her representatives among many thousands of people, and these representatives are poor, obscure, and repressed. It is a bad sign when the general social evils of the world attain their acme in an institution which takes higher than worldly grounds, and is here to make the world better.

FALL OF A PORTION OF THE WELLINGTON BARRACKS—FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning there were some fifteen persons at work upon the Wellington Barracks, near Buckingham Gate, finishing the coping. The stone for the coping had been loosely laid on the walls, when a potboy from a neighbouring public-house ascended the scaffold with some beer for the men. He was in the act of pouring it out, and standing on one of the coping-stones, when several of the men rushed forward at once to be served, and the consequence was that the stone toppled over, and six of the workmen were precipitated to the ground. The potboy had a narrow escape. William Morris sustained a concussion of the brain, had his ankle broken, and also the small bones of his leg; William Matthews, Joseph Overton, Thomas Managhan, and Charles Simpson, were all of them more or less seriously injured, and one poor fellow, Thomas Conner, was killed.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A JEWISH SERVICE, in honour of the officers and men serving in the French army, and belonging to the Jewish faith, who fell in the late war, took place at Constantinople on the 20th ult.

ALBONI HAS PRESENTED GASSIER with a magnificent diamond bracelet for generously volunteering to supply her place whilst she (Alboni) was suffering from indisposition during her recent visit to Maneac.

STAUDIT, whose decease was recently announced, is really alarmingly ill. THE MANCHESTER NEW FREE TRADE HALL is to be opened on the 8th of October.

THE FORESTS IN COURLAND AND MEMEL are said to be suffering very much from the ravages of the world.

A WOMAN, AGED THIRTY-SEVEN, and mother of three children, who lately applied for relief at Worley, stated that her first husband had enlisted for a soldier and deserted her; that her second husband was dead; her third lost, and her fourth in prison.

AT THE LATE SALE OF THE WINES OF LIEUT. COLONEL PROTHROE, Doncaster, some of Fritchley's old port, vintage 1844, sold at £5s. per dozen; and some of Dubel's old port at £4s. per dozen.

NINE BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR, of various rates, from the 91-gun line-of-battle ship to the tiny gun-boat, have recently appeared off Greytown. Their object, unless it were to protect the place from General Walker, is not apparent.

THE PRINCE OF WALES made his debut as a sportsman on Monday the 1st inst., in the Osborne covers, where there is plenty of game.

A CHILD, TWO AND A HALF YEARS OLD, residing at Chellaston, was lost for four nights and three days, and was at last found, still living, in a ditch.

A VERY INTERESTING DISCOVERY has just been made of the remains of a Roman villa, on the property of the Rev. T. F. More, of Linley Hall, Shropshire.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, whilst on a visit to the Duke of Richmond, inspected Fort George. His Royal Highness found an order existed which prevented the officers or men from playing cricket or quoits on the grass in front of the barracks, and, with a refreshing absence of red-tapeism, he immediately cancelled the order.

AT CHELTENHAM, the other day, the town-crier delivered the following notice—"Notice is hereby given to the bakers and inhabitants of Cheltenham, that the price of corn has decreased 16s. per quarter within the last three weeks."

THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS has voted ten thousand dollars to pay for the expense of a survey, by United States Topographical Engineers, of the Atlantic route of a communication by canal, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, across the Isthmus of Darien.

MRS. JAMES NASHMITH, of Manchester, puts on record, in the "Times," the fact that an invention of his own led to Mr. Bessemer's plan for superseding the rolling of iron, a fact which has been freely acknowledged by Mr. Bessemer.

THE SEAMEN OF THE AEGIS, on being paid off, subscribed each two days' pay towards erecting, in Plymouth Old Church, a tablet to the memory of their companions who have fallen from yellow fever, during the recent time of sickness and the ship-wrecked in the West Indies.

FOURTEEN LABOURERS HAVE BEEN KILLED by a fall of earth on the Spanish Northern Railroad.

THE SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID is to receive the Order of the Garter, and Sir Charles Young, Garter-King-at-Arms, will be despatched to Constantinople to perform the ceremony of investiture. So that order, which originated in imitation of the Crusaders, is to confer its last honour on the Vice-Gerent of Mahomet.

THE WATER OF THE LOIRE, since the river has returned to its bed, has become so changed in its chemical composition, says the "Moniteur de l'Orient," that on being analysed it has been found to exactly resemble salt-water.

UPWARDS OF FIVE THOUSAND NATURALISTS AND PHYSICIANS from all countries are expected to attend the Congress to be held at Vienna from the 16th to the 22nd of this month. It is also asserted that M. de Humboldt will preside.

MONS. S. AMANT, the French chess-player, has been on a visit to Leeds, where he beat three of the strongest players of the club combined.

A DETERMINED EFFORT is to be made in the course of next session of Parliament for the purpose of securing the abolition of the metropolitan tolls.

THE OLYMPIC closes its doors for the season this evening.

A PILLAR LETTER-BOX for the reception of letters intended for delivery by the London District Post, and for despatch by the General Post and foreign mails, has been placed at the corner of the Strand and Wellington Street, leading to Waterloo Bridge. We understand they are to be placed in all the great thoroughfares.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a grand oratorical performance in the Festival Concert Room, York. The entertainment is to take place in the first or second week in October, and to continue for not less than three days. A powerful organ is to be immediately erected for the occasion.

THE MARRIAGE OF JOHN BOWES, Esq., of Streatham Castle, Durham, with Mademoiselle de Ligne, of the Theatre des Variétés, in Paris, a few days ago, caused no little sensation in the theatrical circles of that city.

THE LATEST STEP in "the march of improvement" is exhibited in a machine said to have been invented in America for milking cows!

MRS. THACKRAY is at present on the Continent fast recovering his health, which was not good after his return from America last spring. It is stated that a new work in monthly numbers may be expected from Mr. Thackeray on the 1st of December.

THE MASSIVE PEDESTAL for the bronze statue of the late General Sir C. Napier, to be placed in Trafalgar Square, has been completed. The various parts of the pedestal are composed of Haytor granite, carefully selected, weighing over 40 tons, the top portion weighing nearly half. The statue itself will be shortly placed on the pedestal.

A GASOMETER OF ENORMOUS SIZE, no less than 200 feet in diameter, is in course of construction for the Imperial Gas Company. It comprises about 1,000 tons of iron, and, including the tank, will probably cost more than £20,000.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE is on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyl.

PROFESSOR HIND announces that the re-appearance of the great comet of 1556 is near at hand. He writes—"Let me suggest to those who are provided with suitable telescopes, that no time should be lost in commencing operations."

THE RUMOUR THAT A NAVAL REVIEW is to be passed by the Emperor at Toulon, in presence of several foreign Sovereigns, gains credit.

THE SUNDAY BANDS COMMITTEE brought the season to a close on Sunday last, in the Regent's and Victoria Parks. In the former, in addition to the ordinary band, the Hungarian band, conducted by M. Kalodzy, was engaged, and performed several of their most celebrated pieces.

THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR in Paris is empowered to settle the differences between his country and England, on condition that the British Government will recall Mr. Murray.

AN OFFICER, formerly attached to the staff of Marshal St. Arnaud, in the Crimea, in a letter to the "Revue des deux Mondes," says—"I have been assured that a Russian general of division offered a premium of sixteen francs for the uniform of a Highlander, as if it were the skin of a wolf."

A GIGANTIC WEIGHING MACHINE has been established at the General Post Office. It is intended to weigh en masse the letters and newspapers sent daily from the office to the provinces, a work now done in detail, at much cost of time.

THE SUPERIOR ecclesiastical authority of the Grand Duchy of Baden has forbidden ecclesiastics to become freemasons, and has commanded those who already belong to that order to abandon it.

MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The Government has issued an invitation to sculptors of all nations, to compete for the designing and erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington. It will be recollected that the House of Commons voted £100,000 for the expenses of the illustrious Duke's funeral; and that, after paying everything, there remained a sum of about £31,000. This sum, instead of being returned to the Consolidated Fund, has been set apart for the erection of a monument worthy of the hero, as well as of the cathedral which it is to grace. The Chief Commissioner of Works has invited the best talent of all nations to compete for the great prize. The scale of prizes will be generally admitted to be very liberal. The specifications state that the total cost of the monument is not to exceed £20,000, of course exclusive of the prizes, which are on the following scale. For the best design a prize of £700; second, £500; third, £400; fourth, £300; fifth, £100. The total amount of public money thus given will be £2,400. The medals of those who obtain the prizes are to remain the property of the Government, and the successful artist will execute the work, supposing it to be accepted; but the Government is not bound to accept any, should there be none that indicates a sufficiently high standard. The models are to be one quarter size of the intended monument; those by English artists are to be delivered by the 10th of June, 1857; by foreign artists by the 1st of July following. The artists are not restricted to marble; but should it not be of that material, it will be required to be tinted. The different models will be exhibited in Westminster Hall, and the choice will be determined by a committee composed of members of the Government, members of Parliament, artists, and distinguished connoisseurs. The names of the candidates are not to be known; their works will be accompanied by a motto, which motto is to be placed outside a sealed envelope, within which will be the name of the competitor.

Literature.

DRED. A Tale of the Great Swamp. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. London: Low, Son, and Co.

It is just four years since people on this side of the Atlantic began to talk of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to describe that work of fiction as a miracle in its way. The admiration excited will not easily be forgotten—indeed, when calling to memory the extraordinary success of "Uncle Tom" in this country, the interest with which it was read by all classes from the peer to the peasant, the tears shed over its pages, and the general applause elicited by its merits, we have sometimes been almost inclined to wish that Mrs. Beecher Stowe had trusted for literary celebrity to the work which gave her name a publicity almost universal. Assuredly "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" were not calculated to sustain the fame of their authoress; and they did not. We confess, however, that a perusal of "Dred" is sufficient to relieve any one from the apprehension that Mrs. Stowe is in danger of failing when she puts forth her strength and gives her powers fair play. The object of this book is to show how general is the effect of slavery on society—the various social disadvantages which the system brings even on its most favoured advocates—the thriftlessness, and misery, and backward tendency of all the economical arrangements of slave states—the retrograding of good families into poverty—the deterioration of land—the worse demoralisation of all classes, from the aristocratic tyrannical planter, to the oppressed poor white ("poor white trash," as even the negroes contemptuously term them, in common with their owners), which is the result of the introduction of slave labour, and to display the corruption of Christianity which arises from the same source. We do not augur for "Dred" any such measure of popular favour as attended "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but we venture to say that wherever the book is read without prejudice, it will be admired, and that few who read will fail to sympathise more strongly than they did before in the great cause which Mrs. Stowe has so much at heart.

We certainly wish we could give an outline of the narrative; but feel that such an attempt would be vain. In fact, Mrs. Stowe, either from a want of constructive power or from contempt for artistic rules, does not deal in anything like a plot, and some parts of the book have none but the remotest connection with the other. Dred himself, the son of a free coloured man, named Denmark Vesey, who had signalled himself in South Carolina, at the head of a conspiracy for liberating the black population, does not begin to make a figure till near the middle of the story; but as our readers are doubtless curious to know what kind of being Mrs. Stowe's hero is, we may as well introduce him at once:—

"Among the children of Denmark Vesey was a boy by a Mandingo slave woman who was his father's particular favourite. The Mandingos are one of the finest of African tribes, distinguished for intelligence, beauty of form, and an indomitable pride and energy of nature. As slaves, they are considered as particularly valuable by those who have tact enough to govern them, because of their great capability and their proud faithfulness; but they resent a government of brute force, and under such are always fractious and dangerous. This boy received from his mother the name of Dred; a name not unusual among the slaves, and generally given to those of great physical force. The development of this child's mind was so uncommon as to excite astonishment among the negroes. He early acquired the power of reading, by an apparent instinctive faculty, and would often astonish those around him with things which he had discovered in books. Like other children of a deep and fervent nature, he developed great religious ardour, and often surprised the elder negroes by his questions and replies on this subject. A son so endowed could not but be an object of great pride and interest to father like Denmark Vesey. The impression seemed to prevail universally among the negroes that this child was born for extraordinary things; and perhaps it was the yearning to acquire liberty for the development of such a mind which first led Denmark Vesey to reflect on the nature of slavery, and the terrible weights which it lays on the human intellect, and to conceive the project of liberating a race. The Bible, of which Vesey was an incessant reader, stimulated this desire. He likened his own position of comparative education, competence, and general esteem among the whites, to that of Moses among the Egyptians; and nourished the idea that, like Moses, he was sent as a deliverer. During the process of the conspiracy, this son, though but ten years of age, was his father's confidant; and he often charged him, though he should fail in the attempt, never to be disheartened. He impressed it upon his mind that he should never submit tamely to the yoke of slavery; and nourished the idea already impressed, that some more than ordinary destiny was reserved for him.

"After the discovery of the plot, and the execution of its leaders, those more immediately connected with them were sold from the state, even though not proved to have participated. With the most guarded caution, Vesey had exempted this son from suspicion. It had been an agreed policy with them both, that in the presence of others they should counterfeit alienation and disharmony. Their confidential meetings with each other had been stolen and secret. At the time of his father's execution, Dred was a lad of fourteen. He could not be admitted to his father's prison, but he was a witness of the undaunted aspect with which he and the other conspirators met their doom. The memory dropped into the depths of his soul as a stone drops into the desolate depths of a dark mountain lake. Sold to a distant plantation, he became noted for his desperate unsoundable disposition. He joined in none of the social recreations and amusements of the slaves, laboured with proud and silent assiduity; but, on the slightest rebuke or threat, flashed up with a savage fierceness, which, supported by his immense bodily strength, made him an object of dread among overseers. He was one of those of whom they gladly rid themselves; and, like a fractious horse, was sold from master to master. Finally, an overseer, harder than the rest, determined on the task of subduing him. In the scuffle that ensued, Dred struck him to the earth, a dead man, made his escape to the swamps, and was never afterwards heard of in civilised life."

What the swamp is, Mrs. Stowe thus explains:—

"The reader who consults the map will discover that the whole eastern shore of the Southern States, with slight interruptions, is belted by an immense chain of swamps, regions of hopeless disorder, where the abundant growth and vegetation of nature, sucking up its forces from the humid soil, seems to rejoice in a savage exuberance, and bid defiance to all human efforts either to penetrate or subdue. These wild regions are the homes of the alligator, the moccasin, and the rattlesnake. Evergreen trees, mingling freely with the deciduous children of the forest, form here dense jungles, verdant all the year round, and which afford shelter to numberless birds, with whose warbling the leafy desolation perpetually resounds. Climbing vines, and parasitic plants of untold splendour and boundless exuberance of growth, twine and interlace, and hang, from the heights of the highest trees, pennions of gold and purple—triumphant banners which attest the solitary majesty of nature. A species of parasitic moss wreathes its abundant draperies from tree to tree, and hangs in pearly festoons, through which shine the scarlet berry and green leaves of the American holly. What the mountains of Switzerland were to the persecuted Vaudois, this swampy belt has been to the American slave. The constant effort to recover from thence fugitives has led to the adoption in these states of a separate profession, unknown at this time in any other Christian land—hunters, who train and keep dogs for the hunting of men, women, and children. And yet, with all the convenience of this profession, the reclaiming of the fugitives from these fastnesses of nature has been a work of such expense and difficulty, that the near proximity of the swamp has always been a considerable check on the otherwise absolute power of the overseer."

The spirit which is described as animating Dred in this wilderness reminds us of some passages in "Old Mortality."

"Dred carried with him to the swamp but one solitary companion—the Bible of his father. To him it was not the messenger of peace and good will, but the herald of woes and wrath. As the mind, looking on the great volume of nature, sees there a reflection of its own internal passions, and seizes on that in which sympathises with itself—as the fierce and savage soul delights in the roar of torments, the thunder of avalanches, and the whirl of ocean storms, so is it in the great answering volume of revelation. There is something there for every phase of man's nature; and hence its endless vitality and stimulating force. Dred had heard read in the secret meetings of the conspirators the wrathful denunciations of ancient prophets against oppression and injustice. He had read of kingdoms convulsed by plagues; of tempest, and pestilence, and locusts; of the sea left in twain that an army of slaves might pass through, and of their pursuers overwhelmed in the returning waters. He had heard of prophets and deliverers armed with supernatural powers, raised up for oppressed peoples; had pondered on the nail of Jael, the goad of Samson, the pitcher and lamp of Gideon; and thrilled with fierce joy as he read how Samson, with his two strong arms, pulled down the pillars of the festive temple, and whelmed his triumphant persecutors in one grave with himself. In the vast solitudes which he daily traversed these things entered deep into his soul."

Long before Dred is brought from the obscurity of the dismal swamp, there are presented to us a number of characters, with whom the career of the negro enthusiast is connected by the very slenderest thread. Mrs. Stowe opens her book with a scene at Canema, a plantation belonging to a family named Gordon, whose progenitor had been among the first emigrants to Virginia, and introduces Nina Gordon, who, having inherited the property on her father's death, has since passed some years at a fashionable boarding school in New York. The orphan girl has just

to live under the guardianship of a queer old aunt, one of those who, tired of the vanities of the world, takes to religion, as it is a ticket which when once purchased and snizy had, is only to be produced at the celestial gate. The aunt is certainly the reverse of attractive, but the niece, as portrayed by Mrs. Stowe,

the figure, scarce the height of the Venus, rounded as that of an infant, shown to advantage by a coquettish morning dress of buff muslin, buttoned open in front to display the embroidered skirt and trim little slippers. The face was one of those provoking ones which sets critics at variance. The hair—waving, curling, dancing hither and thither—had a wild, laughing grace of its own. The brown eyes twinkled like the embers of a chandelier. The little wicked nose, which bore the forehead curve, seemed to assert its right to do so with a saucy freedom; and the pendents of multiplied brilliants that twinkled in her ears, and the nodding wreath of silver wheat that set off her opera hat, seemed alive with mischief now.

"Oh, what do you think?" said a lively imperative voice—just the kind of voice that you might have expected from the figure.

A young man to whom this question was addressed was a well-dressed, comely person of about thirty-five, with dark complexion and hair, and deep blue eyes. There was something marked and peculiar in the square high forehead and the finely-formed features which indicated talent and ability, and the eyes had depth and strength of colour that might cause them at first to appear black. The face, with its strongly-marked expression of honesty and good nature, had about it many careworn and thoughtful lines.

The parentage and peculiar position of this young man are explained further on—

Colonel Gordon's death, he had bequeathed, as we have already shown, his family estate to his daughter, under the care of a servant, of whose good intelligence and thorough devotion of heart he had the most ample

When it is reflected that the overseers are generally taken from a class who are often lower in ignorance and burlesque than even the slaves, that Colonel Gordon thought that, in leaving his plantation under the care of one so energetic, competent, and faithful as Harry, he had made the best provision for his daughter. Harry was the son of his master, and in much of the temper and constitution of his father, he bore the soft

and permanent of the beautiful Ebenezer's master; he was his mother but in this circumstance Harry had received advantages very superior to what commonly fell to the lot of his class. He had also accompanied his master as valet during the tour of Europe, and thus his opportunities of observation had been still further enlarged; and that by which the mixed blood seem so peculiarly fitted to appear to all the finer aspects of life.

It is characteristic, and his own son, still in the hands of slavery. Colonel Gordon was influenced by that passionate devotion to his wife which he embodied every consideration. A man so cultivated, he might have sought many avenues opened to him in freedom, but he left the estate to other hands, and seek his own fortune. He then left home bound by an indissoluble tie for a term of years, trusty to

him to now to make his service tolerable. Possessed of very uncommon

admirable, firmness and knowledge of human nature, Harry had roundness to

great ascension over the hands of the planters; and, either through

friendship, there was a universal subordination to him. The

owner of the estate scarcely made even a faint of overseeing him; and he

endeavoured, at all intents and purposes, with the perfect ease of a free man,

every body, for miles around, knew and respected him; and had not been

assured of a good share of the thoughtful forecasting temperament derived

from the Scotch parentage, he might have been completely happy, and forgotten

the existence of the chains whose weight he never felt."

We confess to being so fascinated by Nina Gordon from the beginning, as to hear with concern that she is engaged to three admirers at once, and has, while in New York, acquired the reputation of being "a coquette, a flirt, a jilt." However, we begin to take heart, when she discards her other lovers, and manifests a serious regard for a young man named Clayton, who comes of a good and influential family, and has fair prospects at the bar. Clayton visits the fair Nina at her plantation; and

as are going on smoothly enough, when the party is startled by the

arrival of a brother of the youthful hostess, one of those hapless beings

whose dissipation has ruined, body and soul. When Mrs. Stowe takes to pointing a blackguard, she does so with a vengeance; and this Mr. Tom Gordon is as thorough a scoundrel as ever we read of.

He pushed his way into the apartment. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, who evidently had once possessed advantages of face and figure, but every outline in the face was blunted and rendered unattractive by habits of total intemperance. His dark eyes had that muddy and troubled expression which in a young man too surely indicates the habitual consciousness of inward profligacy. His broad, high forehead was flushed and pimpled, his lips swollen and dimpled, and his whole air and manner gave painful evidence that he was at present too far under the influence of stimulants justly to apprehend what he was about. Nina followed him, and Clayton was absolutely shocked at the squalor of her face. She made an uncertain motion towards him, as if she would have gone to him for protection."

This ruffian soon works mischief, and while exhibiting a bitter hatred towards Harry, exhibits a most sinful affection for Harry's wife.

She was a delicate, airy little creature, formed by a mixture of African and French blood, producing one of those fanciful, exotic combinations that gives the same impression of brilliancy and richness that one receives from tropical insects and flowers. From both parent races she was endowed with a sensuous being exquisitely quick and fine, a nature of everlasting childhood, with all its freshness of present life, all its thoughtless, unreasoning heedlessness of the future. She stands there at her ironing-table, just outside her cottage door, gazing gaily at her work. Her round, plump, childlike form is shown to advantage by the trim blue basque, laid in front, over a chaperon of white linen. Her head is wreathed with a gay turban, from which escapes now and then a wavering curl of her silky black hair. Her eyes, as she raises them, have the hazy, dreamy languor which is so characteristic of the mixed races. Her little childlike hands are busy, with nimble fingers, adroitly plaiting and arranging various articles of feminine toilette, too delicate and expensive to have belonged to those in humble circumstances."

Nina, with laudable anxiety to prevent an outbreak, sends Harry on a message to an uncle who lives at some distance; but unhappily Tom meets him on the road, strikes him fiercely across the face with his whip, and rides off with a scornful laugh. Harry still, though Dred urges him to desist, restrains his wrath for the sake of his young mistress; and so long as she lives he has a kind protectress. But cholera ravages the country; and Nina, after doing all in her power to relieve others, falls a victim. She dies in the arms of Clayton; and her last moments are thus described—

"Not a moment was lost by the three around that dying bed, chafing those cold limbs—administering the stimulants which the dead, exhausted system no longer felt."

"She doesn't suffer; thank God, at any rate, for that," said Clayton, as he knelt over her in anguish.

"A beautiful smile passed over her face as she opened her eyes and looked on them all, and said, 'No, my poor friends, I don't suffer. I'm come to the land where they never suffer. I'm only so sorry for you, Edward,' she said to him. 'Do you remember what you said to me once? it has come now—you must bear it like a man. God calls you to some work—don't shrink from it. You're baptised with fire; it all lasts only a little while—it will be over soon, very soon. Edward, take care of my poor people; tell Tom to be kind to them. My poor, faithful, good Harry! Oh! I'm going so fast.'

"The voice sunk into a whispering sigh. Life now seemed to have refrainted to the citadel of the brain. She lay apparently in her last sleep, when the footsteps of the doctor were heard on the veranda. There was a general spring to the door; and Doctor Butler entered, pale, haggard, and worn, from constant exertion and loss of rest. He did not say that there was no hope, but his first dejected look said it but too plainly. She moved her head a little—she who is asleep—unconsciously upon her pillow, opened her eyes once more, and said, 'Good-bye! I will arise and go to my Father.'

"The gentle breath gradually became fainter and fainter. All hope was over! The night walked on with silent and solemn footsteps, and soft showers fell with a murmur upon the leaves. Withio, all was still as death."

The death of Nina makes Harry and his pretty wife the property of Tom; and the villain showing every disposition to carry matters to extremity, a fray takes place.

"With a tremendous oath Tom struck him; and as if a rebound from the stroke, Harry struck back a blow so violent as to send him stumbling across the room against the opposite wall, then turned quick as thought, spring through the open window, clambered down the veranda, vaulted on to Tom's horse, which stood tied at the post, and fled as rapidly as lightning to his cottage door, where Lisette stood at an ironing-table; he reached out his hand and said, 'Up quick, Lisette, Tom Gordon's here!' and before Tom Gordon had fairly recovered from theizziness into which the blow had thrown him, the fleet blood-horse was whirling Harry and Lisette past bush and tree, till they arrived at the place where he had twice before met Dred; Dred was standing there.

"Even so," he said, as the horse stopped, and Harry and Lisette descended, the vision is fulfilled—behind the Lord shall make thee a witness and commander to the people!"

"There is no time to be lost," said Harry.

"Well, I know that," said Dred, "come, follow me."

"And before sunset of that evening, Harry and Lisette were tenants of the wild fastness in the centre of the swamp."

We have quoted from Mrs. Stowe's pages, not indeed so much as we could have wished, but enough, we trust, to show what kind of book "Dred" is. Our space would fail us to relate all that happened after Nina Gordon slept with her fathers; how the enthusiastic Dred, before accomplishing anything for his race, was killed in a negro-hunt; how the black refugees were thus left without their leader; how Clayton's aspirations to benefit the slaves came to nought; and how, having been banished in his philanthropic efforts, he emigrated to Canada, succeeded in conveying thither the negro fugitives from the swamp, and settled them on that free soil, where sitting in peace and security, they could, under the protection of British law, bid defiance to bloodhounds and to man-hunters.

"Dred" is, in material and texture, not unlike "Uncle Tom"—showing more ambition than art, and exhibiting strange inequalities of style—sometimes sublime as those passages in which Scott, with the hand of a master, depicts the heroes of the Scottish Covenant; at others so silly as to remind us of "Quarely," and productions of that class. But in the freshness and novelty which made "Uncle Tom" so great a favourite alike in busy city and secluded hamlet, in castle and cottage, in the club-house of a capital and the inn of a village, "Dred" is decidedly wanting. Nevertheless the interest of the reader is well kept alive, for what is lost in freshness is gained in ardent zeal. While reading the preface for the first time, we feel surprise, almost awe, at the fierce spirit which seems to animate the Christian lady. But we must take into account that "Dred" is a political manifesto in its way, that the slavery question has roused up two great parties in America both dealing in ferocious denunciations, and that the abolitionists, being convinced that matters must be worse before they are better, Mrs. Stowe cannot be severely blamed for using strong language while writing under the impression that strong measures are necessary to bring about such a revolution, as she and those with whom she acts are, in the name of Christianity and civilisation, striving to accomplish.

Our table is littered with heaps of pamphlets, magazines, and periodical publications, some of which require a passing notice, whilst others are best disposed of being transferred to the waste-paper basket. Of the latter we will carefully conceal the writers' names. Foremost among these to be commented on are one or two magazines that reached us too late or notice last week.

The new number of "Tait" is of average merit. Its contents comprise a couple of quiet sensible papers, two or three mediocre poems, and a silly criticism on "Poets and Poetry," with some chapters in the life of "Don Sebastian, King of Portugal," told in a lively, if not, indeed, jocular style, and which are certainly remarkable for opening very abruptly and ending in an equally abrupt way.

The "London University Magazine" (August and September) gives one the idea of a quiet juvenile publication, very proper in its tone, but sadly deficient in intellectual vigour—month by month it is filled with commonplace essays on the most common-place subjects, invariably written in the drest of styles, and always from the most hackneyed point of view. Whilst its writers confine themselves to drilling forth the scanty stock of information they may have previously crammed themselves with on some given subject, they manage to get over their task in a formal school-boy sort of manner that does not provoke criticism. But when they venture to express independent opinions of their own, and what is worse, to give reasons for these opinions, you are puzzled which to pronounce the most absurd, the opinion broached, or the reason adduced in support of it. We will give our readers an instance selected from a criticism on a poem entitled "Gabriel," which opens thus: "On first taking up this volume to review, we confess we were not by any means inclined to give our verdict in its favour. The title of 'Gabriel' is, to say the least of it, eccentric (in what way?) and by no means euphonious (indeed!) but on looking into and reading it (that is, the title—the mere word 'Gabriel'), we were obliged to suspend our judgment." If the writer of this—who appears to be the Editor, for further on he talks about "our editorial mind"—be beyond a boy in a round jacket, we feel tempted to tell him that he could suspend something more solid than his judgment, to the manifest advantage of society at large.

The "Church of England Monthly Review" is not distinguished by any particular brilliancy or talent; and the best we can say of the September Part is, that it is very neatly and tastefully printed, and as regards quantity, that it is exceedingly cheap.

Mayhew's "Great World of London," Part 7, treats of Tothill Fields House of Correction in that same pleasant, picturesque style we have so frequently commended, which brings each scene vividly before the reader's eyes, and leaves him nothing more to desire. But it is not as a mere example of graphic writing that this admirable work should be spoken of. The whole history of our prison discipline is herein traced step by step, and the condition to which this discipline is at present brought comes from time to time under discussion. The evils of large prisons in populous towns are dwelt upon, and excellent remedial suggestions are made, which sooner or later must receive the sanction of those in authority. Mr. Mayhew's theory is—first, that the employment of criminals on *useless* labour (which he styles "idleness, with all the physical fatigue of industry without any of industry's rewards"), such as labour at the treadwheel and the crank, has an objectionable effect on their moral reformation; secondly, that to employ criminals, sentenced for short terms, at useful labour within the walls of a town prison is more or less impracticable, by reason of the small number of avocations for which the services of an unskilled workman can speedily be made available; thirdly, that from this reason correctional prisons inside of towns are as much out of place as churchyards, and that the proper remedy is to remove such prisons to districts where field or garden labour can be adopted on an extensive scale.

Of the remaining publications before us, we have first to speak of the "Prize Essay on the prevention of the Smoke Nuisance," by Mr. C. P. Williams (Weale), a well written and seemingly convincing treatise on the possibility of effectually getting rid of this foulest of nuisances. We may talk about our deficiency in fine public buildings, the scarcity of our street statues, but it is unreasonable on our part to look for these when half-a-dozen years of London smoke are sufficient for the disfigurement of all their beauty. Every owner of a tall chimney in the metropolitan district may consult this pamphlet with advantage to himself and his neighbours.

"Old Times," by Mr. Wills, Nos. 5 and 6 (Saunders and Otley), appears with new publishers' names on the cover, and seems to be issued now every alternate month, instead of monthly as of old. The author may gain reputation by his performance, but he will hardly gain money by a serial publication that undergoes such changes. There can be no question as to his ability, but he should have risked his venture in the form of a complete book; he would then have stood a far better chance of a larger audience than he can hope to secure now.

"The Illustrated Handbook of Military Engineering," by R. Forrest (Day and Son), is to all appearances a capital work. We cannot pretend to speak of its technical merits; still, if these are on a par with the executive ability displayed in the arrangement and general production of its numerous admirable illustrations, it must be a book which military students and civilians may alike consult with advantage. "North Wales, or Venedotia," by the Rev. R. W. Morgan (Part I. Hardwicke), seems to be a very learned, yet by no means null, topographical history of the Principality. The "Barber's Shop," by R. W. Proctor (Manchester: Dinhorn and Co.), is a curious book on a curious subject. Are we to believe that the author is or was a veritable barber, and really handled the razor and strop? There is a certain pleasantness about the style of it, and a graceful fancy running through its pages, that detain the reader when once he has engaged in its perusal. The illustrations are singularly good, and may well be referred to with pride as Manchester productions. Mr. Morton's drawings of still life are wonderfully careful and conscientious, but he can do far more than draw mere still life pictures. The character of the figures in the vignette heading to Chap. II, is excellent, and the expression of the several countenances admirable; the one or two landscapes are also

very gracefully drawn. There is a provincial look about the printing of the volume; but the illustrations of it are quite on a par with metropolitan productions of the better class. "The Swiss Family Robinson," (C. H. Clarke), is a cheap edition of a very popular book, containing an abundance of illustrations, and done up in a showy style of cover. It is a tempting gift-money worth to a boy.

Horace Mayhew's "Wonderful People" (Ward and Lock) is perhaps the best series of sketches that have proceeded from this writer's pen. When these papers first appeared in "Punch," ere "Punch" had fallen into secong childhood, they were universally read and talked about. The illustrations by Hume are extremely good. "Poor Angus Ranch's 'Men of the Hour'" (Ward and Lock) is a batch of lively papers on such subjects as Bores, Fithhounds, Stuck-up People, and the pages of which literally sparkle with illustrations dashed off by well-known comic pencils. "Legends of the Christian East" (Addy and Co.) is a collection of short tales which originally appeared in "Household Words." They are very pleasant reading, and with a true Eastern colour about them such as only one who had dwelt for a long time under Eastern skies could at all hope to impart. Readers of all ages will linger over them with delight. Little boys and girls will thumb the volume through again and again, and close it finally with regret. Weary, middle-aged people will not fail to find something to interest them, and old grandmothers and grandpas will spell through every word, from the opening to the closing page. It is, indeed, peculiarly suited to a library for old and young. "Sketches of English Character," by Mrs. Gore (Ward and Lock), are smartly written, having a strong smack of the masculine element in their composition—in truth, the feminine characteristics of the author are never by any chance allowed to peep out. One very much struck with the sketch of the London Banker. The writer seems to have written it with an intimate knowledge of the display indulged in by many members of the banking fraternity to draw business to their sometimes rickety establishments, and one could not fail to recognise occasional allusions to the famous firm of Strahan, Paul, and Bates, which played the writer false, and, by appropriating her trust deeds, involved her in ruin. Yet this shrewd writer, who could quiz the entire fraternity, and expose the rottenness of the pretensions of many among its members, had not a suspicion that the one particular firm in which she was most interested was the one whose bubble reputation would first burst.

Young Dumas's "Lady with the Camellias," after several false starts, has at length made its appearance in an English form. It is not a book that we can analyse in these columns. Its incidents lie among scenes which no one would dare even to breathe of in English family society. That it is clever as a work of art, that its pretended aim is virtuous, we readily admit. But others again state that its faults against good taste and genuine morality are many and glaring.

THE THEATRES.

"PIZARRO" AT THE PRINCESS'S, ETC.

The play of "Pizarro," familiarised to our minds when children by West's facsimile reproduction (price sixpence, coloured) of Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Rollo," has been exhausted as a lay figure upon which to display the tasteless ingenuity of the management at the Princess's. The play itself is, if not in construction, at least in language, beneath criticism. It is impossible to read the bombastic nonsense therein strung together by the author of the "Critic" and the "School for Scandal," without at once suspecting that, in concocting it, the dramatist was in reality laughing in his sleeve at his anticipated audience. It is scarcely to be imagined that such a man as Sheridan could possess a sense of humour less keen than that of the educated public at the present day; but the dialogue of "Pizarro" is evidently carried beyond the bounds of mere melodramatic fustian into the regions of burlesque.

The play is written in something which resembles blank verse as much as the horse of a night-eat does a racer. It is neither prosaic nor metrical; and although violently sentimental and patriotic, does not contain a single well-turned expression or valuable idea.

It is therefore only as a spectacle that the revival at the Princess's can be legitimately regarded. With respect to the acting, and, of course, depicting John Kemble, it is probable that the piece was never rendered so conscientiously and with so much effort at individualising the various parts as it is at present. Mrs. Charles Kean presents us with a woman not only possible, but almost probable, as Elvira. Mr. Charles Kean, notwithstanding our preconceived idea that his place in the east should have been exchanged with that of Mr. Rymer, for certain physical reasons, certainly satisfies his audience by doing his best, in playing his part with an earnestness which disguises the bald melodrama of the translator, and extorts applause by his manner in despite of the matter by which he is clogged. Still we have aesthetical objections to certain minutiae of the getting up of the play. The scene painter and the costumer, in the first act especially (of which the scene is laid in the Spanish camp), seem to be at variance. The Spanish officers are attired in armour of astounding novelties, apparently fresh from the store of Mr. Falcke, or the Wardour Street manufacturers' opposite, and the glitter of the helmets and cuirasses absolutely distreses the eye by what artists term "false lights," while it, at the same time, destroys the historical and dramatic idea of an invasion by a band of semi-piratical adventurers. The pictures require "toning down," except to those uneducated eyes which prefer a "tinse character" to a painting by Salvator Rosa. Pizarro, too, is represented in the third act by Mr. Rymer, as a Spanish gentleman, which we humbly take to be an error. The conqueror of Peru would scarcely have packed an undress suit of black velvet of brightest sheen in his sea-chest to wear in the intervals of his campaign; nor is it likely that Alonso, dwelling amid gigantic ferns, enormous aloes, and wild-flowers of gorgeous hues and exuberant blossoms, would have selected shoes of cobalt-blue for ordinary use, or that they would have long retained their colour had he indeed his feet therein.

When we come amongst the Peruvians, brilliancy, glitter, and shining raiment, cease to arouse our critical comment. We are willing then to believe in all the golden splendour which even Mr. Charles Kean can lay before us. We see quaint architecture, novel effects, strange costumes, and all that lends delight to travel in an unknown and sun-glorified land, and experience, moreover, all that peculiar pleasure which a reproduction at the Princess's of a distant period usually induces. The effect of the fire-lighting on the altar of the Temple of the Sun, is not marred by the palpable descent of a lump of cotton steeped in incandescent spirits, along a wire, according to the conventional usage of the stage, but we are allowed, while gazing upon the apparent miracle, to acknowledge that the flame occurring after sun-rise might have been easily imposed by the crafty priests upon Peruvians ignorant of the burning-glass. This kind of interest, peculiar, but by no means despicable, accompanies the piece throughout, and while the galleries applaud, the pit and boxes admire and reflect. At least, let us hope so.

The Haymarket has re-opened after its short recess; its features of novelty being a revival of Shakespeare's comedy of "As You Like It," in which a young lady named Booth, (according to the play-bills) made her *début* in the character of Rosalind. She was well received, and what is good sign, seems to have progressed materially in public estimation since her first night's performance.

Sadler's Wells commenced its Shaksperian season on Saturday last, with the tragedy of "Macbeth"; "Timon of Athens," and the "Merry Wives" are announced to be produced during the present month.

The Surrey Theatre opened on Monday with a couple of new dramas. The first, "The Half-Caste," is of the true melodramatic character, and appears to be an Anglicised version of a French piece which has been played with great success in Paris. In its English form it seems destined to enjoy a like popularity.

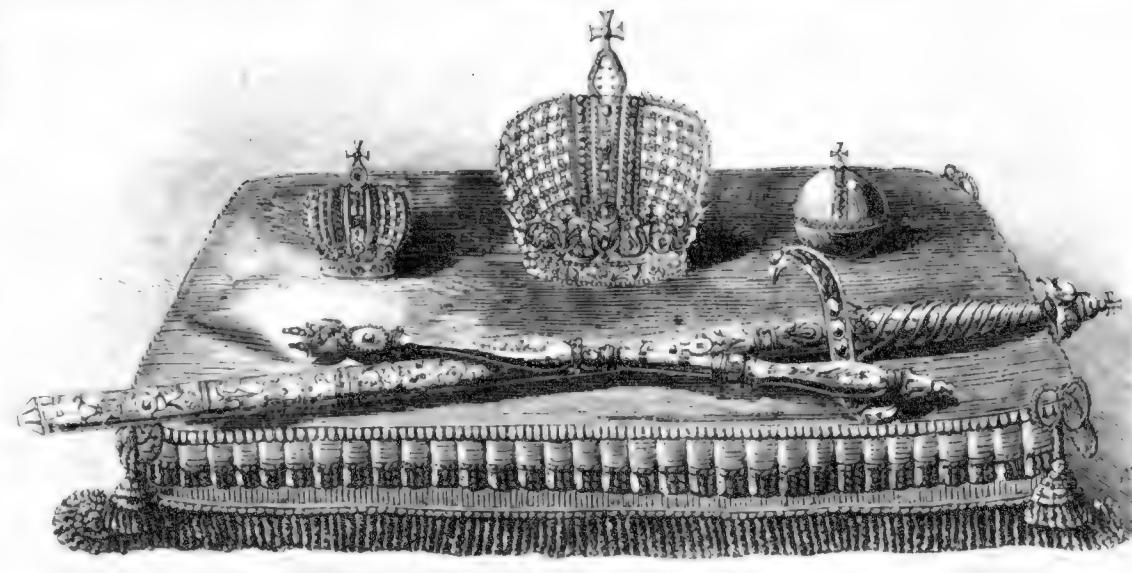
The Lyceum and Drury Lane both open on Monday next; the former under the management of Mr. Dillon, the latter under the old régime, with the Keeleys, who are to appear in a burlesque of "Pizarro."

LOSS OF A SCREW-STEAMER.—Intelligence has been received of the loss of the Janet Croll screw-steamer, lately in the transport service, near the Dodger Light, on Saturday morning. The unfortunate vessel was coal laden, bound to London, from Hartlepool, and in the course of Friday night it was discovered that she had sprung a leak, which rapidly gained; and in spite of the exertions of the crew, she founded. The crew were taken off by the Helen Chaytor

THE RUSSIAN REGALIA.

A CORONATION is really so great an affair to a Czar of Russia, that it seems the attention of Alexander the Second has been for some time past quite monopolised with reference to it. So absorbed has he been—heart, soul, and hand, in the preparations—that no other business has met with close attention, and amusing stories are told of the consequent mental abstraction. For instance, in the departments of State, when any change is to be introduced, even after the Cabinet have fully determined on what it shall be, and his Majesty has approved of both principle and details, it is still necessary for the chief of the department, ere he can practically carry out the improvement, to procure the Czar's formal sanction to the decree wherein its provisions are embodied. Well, the story runs, that Prince Dolgorouki, Minister of War, in pursuance of a decision of this nature, respecting some change in the shape of the gun-cartridges of the Artillery, brought the papers to his Majesty to sign, and explained their import, reminding the Czar that all they enacted had been already maturely discussed and finally agreed upon. At the mention of the word "cartridges" Alexander fell into a profound ruminations. The Prince's hours are precious, but for a long time not a word could he get from the Imperial lips. At length, as the story goes, the Autocrat of all the Russias observed that he considered it bad taste to gild the caps of the wheel-hubs. It was not at once that the Prince perceived that his Majesty had been meditating all this while about the "golden carriages" for his coronation. If the Czar is so much taken up with the Imperial carriages, how much must his Imperial mind be concerned about the Regalia!

We mentioned last week that the regalia and crown jewels required for the grand ceremony, had arrived at Moscow on the 28th ult., and been carried in state through the heart of that capital to the ancient residence of the Czars. One portion of these jewels consisted of the various crowns belonging either to the states or countries now incorporated with Russia, or worn by the previous Czars and Empresses. They had been taken from Moscow to be used at the funeral of the Czar Nicholas, and had not been returned to Moscow, where the regalia of the empire is



THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL REGALIA ACTUALLY USED AT THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR

vincible Emperor of the Muscovites, Alexis, happily reigning on earth, may this throne, constructed with the most cunning art and skill, be a presage from Heaven, and constantly happy and favourable omen. A.D. 1669." It is commonly called "The Throne of Diamonds."

The throne of gold of the Czar Michael Feodorovitch (grandfather of Peter the Great) is ornamented with 1,500 rubies, 8,000 turquoises and pearls, two large topazes, and four amethysts.

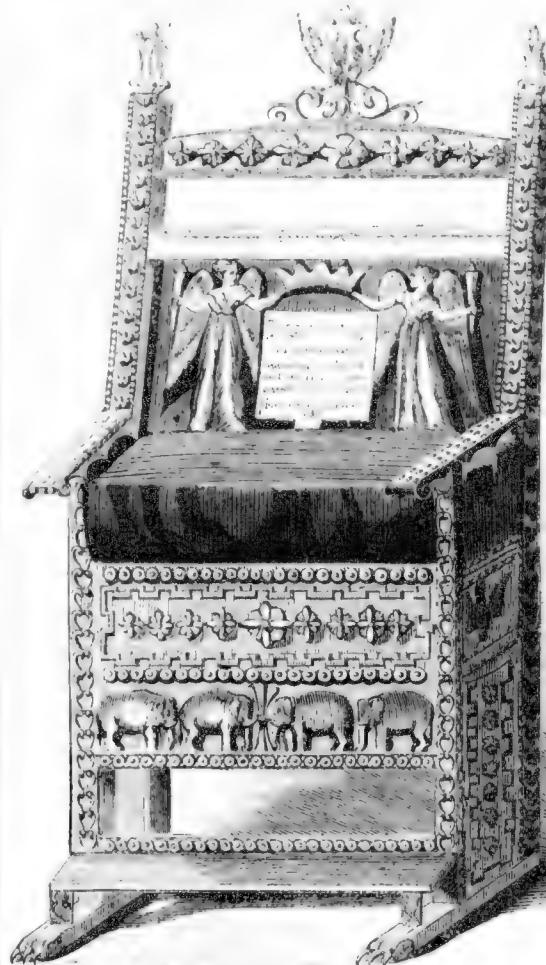
The precious relics which belong to the regalia, and which have just been brought from the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, are generally kept in the Kremlin at Moscow. The crowns, so interesting in a historical point of view, recline on velvet cushions resting on pedestals, with the thrones elevated on platforms behind. The thrones are particularly curious, and of great value from the profusion of jewels with which they are studded, and the precious metals used in their construction. "What an imposing galaxy of splendour!" exclaims one writer. "The wealth collected there in diamonds and the choicest jewels is worth an empire. Globes, sceptres, and batons swell the list of the constellations; they blaze on satellites around the Imperial diadem, tell the tale of nations, and are the only monuments left of their existence, saving the lines which they may now occupy in the dark and remote pages of history. They represent, in fact, the chronology of the empire."

RESIDENCE OF COUNT DE MORYN AT ST. PETERSBURG.

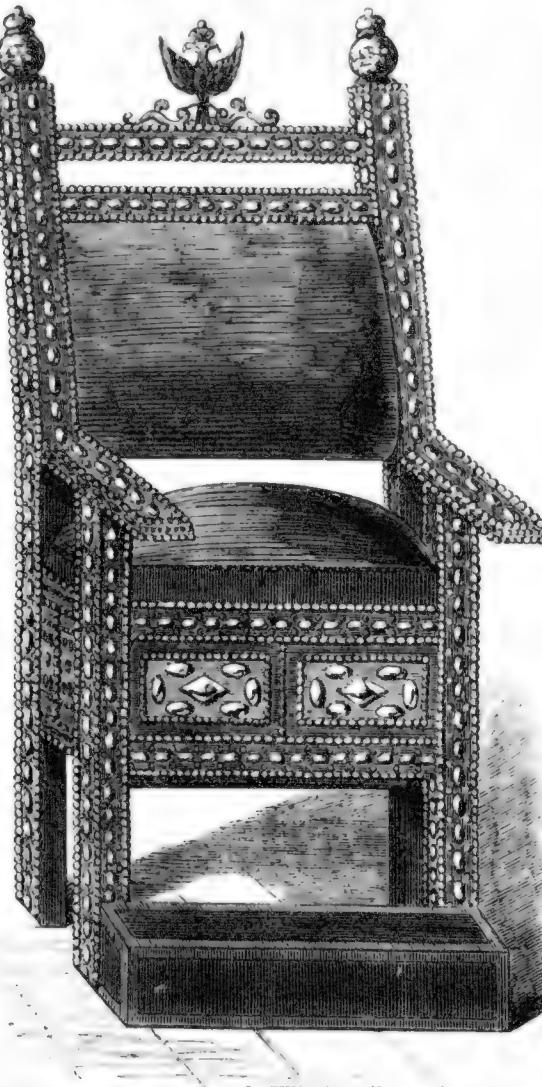
THE Palace of Prince Woronoff-Dashkoff, represented by the accompanying engraving, is that in which the French Ambassador Extraordinary lodged with so much splendour while at St. Petersburg.

The exterior of the palace is plain, and contrasted in this respect remarkably with the interior, when Count de Morny, as representative of the third Napoleon, kept his state within its walls. The Count and his friends kept up appearances with so much spirit that their presence created infinitely more excitement than their English Allies. Everywhere were they seen in their splendid equipages, and doing the thing in grand style at their hotel. The English residents, however, console themselves with the reflection that it is the French manner to make a splendid burst at first, either in war or parade, and afterwards suddenly to subside, after the manner of their own delightful champagne; and whispered that the British Embassy would come out strongest at Moscow.

The Court gossip of St. Petersburg gives an amusing anecdote of the French Envoy. On one occasion of the Count's appearance in company, a brilliant breast-pin that he wore became the object of much observation and admiration. At length a lady, of sufficiently high rank to admit of her doing so, made some remarks on its beauty, in consequence of which he drew it from the breast of his shirt and handed it to her admiring inspection. When the admiration was about exhausted, he observed that what conferred value on the ornament in his eyes was hid from the view of others in an almost invisible capsule. On his opening this capsule, an exquisite miniature of the Empress Eugénie became visible. Ever since that evening all the goldsmiths and jewellers of St. Petersburg have been overrun with orders for capsules to be fitted to rings and breast-pins, and if the demands of the female public went no further, the said goldsmiths would doubtless have shown themselves equal to the crisis; but, unfortunately, the capsules are only required for the purpose of containing Eugénie portraits, which the artists of St. Petersburg are unable to execute.



THE THRONE OF THE CZAR ALEXIS MICHAELOVITCH—THE THRONE OF THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER.



THE THRONE OF THE CZAR MICHAEL FEODOROVITCH—THE THRONE OF THE REIGNING EMPRESS.

usually kept, until the present occasion. The most ancient of these crowns is that of Vladimir Monomarque, given to one of the Czars of Muscovy by Alexis Commenus. It is a curious Byzantine-looking piece of head gear, but it is very rich in gold and jewels. There is a second crown which belonged to the same monarch, but it is not nearly so richly ornamented. The crown of Peter the Great is one to which, as may be supposed, great interest is attached, as being the insignia of empire worn by one to whom Russia owes so much of its present high position among the nations of the world. Scarcely less interesting are the crowns worn by Catherine I. and Peter II. The crowns worn by other Russian monarchs are five in number; one belonged to Joan Alexiowitch, another to Alexander, a third to Elizabeth, a fourth to the late Czar, and a fifth, which is but silver gilt, to the late Marie Feodorovna.

First and foremost among the crowns of the conquered kingdoms now subject to Russia is that one of unhappy memory—Poland. But the crown of Poland has the insignia of other gallant nations for its remote companions. There is the crown of the kingdom of Georgia, the crown of Siberia, of Astrakan, and of Kazan. A more dazzling collection of jewels and diadems was perhaps never seen, and sceptres, orbs, and globes lie around these crowns in the most extraordinary profusion.

We have engraved representations of the Regalia actually used at the Coronation. Of these, the two Imperial crowns are set transparently. The larger is ornamented with two rows of large pearls, and surmounted with a ruby of extraordinary size; and the small crown is also equally rich.

The sceptre is composed of gold, and ornamented with diamonds, that at the top—of which no idea can be formed from our engraving—being known as one of the finest in the world. The Imperial ball is composed of gold, and surrounded with a garland of large diamonds, mounted with a cross, which is also set with diamonds. The Imperial sword of state, the blade of which is richly inlaid, is mounted with gold, and is a most interesting affair. When the Grand Princes of Russia commanded their armies in person, this weapon, four feet three inches long, was confided to the Aroujeinitch (a title corresponding to Constable of France), who accompanied them to the war.

The throne, which is ornamented with a quantity of fine pearls, and other precious stones, was presented, in 1660, to the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch (father of Peter the Great), by the Armenian company of Ispanian. On the back is the following inscription:—"To the all-powerful and in-



THE HOTEL OF THE COUNT DE MORYN AT ST. PETERSBURG.



A GENTLEMAN WHO PREFERENCES LOW WATER TO THE HIGH SEAS.

BY THE SEASIDE, NO. V.

MARGATE.

(Continued from last week.)

THERE is another bazaar higher up, called after its proprietor, Mr. Jolly, and conducted on the same sporting principles. This elegant establishment is possessed of a wheel of fortune, in which there are no blanks, but all prizes; and you cannot win less than a penny bundle of hair-pins for your sixpence. It was here that we saw some very choice works of art in papier mache, consisting of work-tables, with moonlight and lighthouse effects in mother-of-pearl. At a little distance the black tops with the white specks in them, reminded us of black puddings dotted with lumps of lard, but they were very beautiful, nevertheless, and so polished that the flies could scarcely walk on them.

They had only got a piano in the concert-room at Jolly's, which seemed mean after the performing boy and girl at the Boulevard, but as we bought nothing, and came in without paying, we did not like to complain. We were fortunate enough to hear Herr Simmondo perform his celebrated selections from "Moses in Egypt," and we shall never forget the feeling he threw into the passage describing the men of Israel gathering the spoils from the drowned Egyptians. We had also an opportunity of inspecting some very wonderful specimens of shell-work, really very ingenious and perfect, in which by making the body of an animal or bird with a speckled shell, and adding legs, necks, and tails of curious composition (a secret) tails of hard-baked pie-crust, a perfect resemblance to any living creature, from a lion to a cock, is ensured. These images form excessively neat chimney-ornaments for the drawing-room, and by putting your ear to the animal's stomach, you can by the noise in its inside tell whether the sea is rough or not.

That Margate is rakishly inclined is evident, for it has gardens where dancing, comic singing, and fireworks are nightly indulged in. The masters of the ceremonies are the most graceful men who ever wore white cravats. It is here that the irresistibly comic Fulford is engaged, and sings every night at half-past nine in character. Another professional is the charming Miss E. Jacobs, who has eyes as black as blots, and often has offers of marriage made to her after warbling one of her ballads—indeed, a professor of the German flute is said to have blown out his brains for her sake just after "Yes, charmer, I will love you then as ever" came out.

The author of the guide book, after enumerating the delights of these beau-

tiful gardens, is suddenly seized with a poetic fit, and without the aid of smelling salts or burnt feathers, exclaims—

"Here may the pensive visitor with pleasure sit beneath the weeping willows' shade, and gaze upon the gently gliding stream, in which, with blithe security, the finny race their graceful gambols play, and lofty elms their venerable heads reflect; and here may the lovers of melodious sounds their sweetest charms enjoy, while borne upon the balmy evening breeze, they strike the enraptured ear. In these gardens the migratory



SPECIMEN OF THE FINE ARTS AT MARGATE.

nightingale takes up her short abode, and here may the admirer of her varied, soft, and thrilling melody, enjoy her solitary and evening chaunt."

After reading this, we took a $\frac{1}{2}$ and drove to Tivoli. It was a beautiful night, and the moon was shining against the dark-blue sky like a silver nail on a coffin. Light clouds streaked the heavens as if some old witch had been sweeping them with her broom, and each object in the landscape, tipped with the bright moonlight on one side, and black with the dark shadows



SELECTIONS FROM "MOSES IN EGYPT," BY HERR SIMMONDO.

on the other, looked cool as if we were surveying a snow scene. We passed by a field, with the grasshoppers singing like the crickets at a baker's, and having successfully resisted the furious attempts of the wind to make off with our hat and untie our neckerchief, we found ourselves at the entrance-gates of the gardens.

We paid our shilling to a gas-illuminated man, and walked into the grounds. The foot-path seemed to have been cut through a plantation of tall trees, which grew up irregularly on each side, and formed a kind of tunnel with their branches, making the air so dark, that if it had not been for the gaslights burning at the end, we should have bumped ourselves black and blue against the trunks about us. There was a pond surrounded by white posts, so completely thatched in with overhanging boughs, that it was only by the little speck of moonlight, that rested on the centre of the pond, that we could tell that there was water.

We were surprised to find the gardens entirely deserted. We heard a voice call out, as if it were a warning, "First train for Ramsgate!" and then all became silent again. A desperate man might unrestrained have committed suicide, even in the centre of the principal flower-bed. We coughed and then whistled, but no one appeared; yet the grand illuminations were lighted—there was the magnificent star of yellow paint, adorned with eight coloured lamps, and the six yards of variously-tinted festoons, were suspended from tree to tree like ropes of transparent onions. We grew excessively nervous with the solitude, and felt inclined to run away and give information to the police.

Presently a trumpet gave a groan, and we hurried in that direction. Now the mystery was solved, for we found the visitors, about thirty in number, assembled in a dancing-hall, which was large enough to have held a thousand. It looked as if a private party was being given. We thought to ourselves, unless everybody eats and drinks a great deal, the gardens will not clear their expenses to-night.

Most of the gentlemen wore straw rowing-hats, or smoking-caps, and many of the ladies had taken their mantles and bonnets off, and seemed to be in full dress. There were eight musicians and four ma-



SENTIMENT AND SEAWEED.



THE YOUNG LADY WHO EXPECTED CHARLES.



BATHERS' WAITING-ROOM AT MARGATE.



CHARLES'S GRACEFUL AGITATION ON FINDING HIMSELF RECOGNISED.

ers of the ceremonies, which is nearly at the rate of one performer and a dancing master to every four visitors.

We had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Fulford deliver a medley song, at the conclusion of which he danced about the platform, saying, "Sing li-to-ro! to-ro, ilal, ilal, ilay." He was very much applauded, and in return was so obliging as to give us another song. This time he came dressed as a charwoman, and his theme was "Charming Woman," one verse of which we remember:—

"She can coax and scold him too,
And when him till he's black and blue,
And leave him, and still be true—
Woman, charming woman, oh !"

Whenever Mr. Fulford had occasion to mention "woman," he did so in a very handsome manner, as if he were fond of the sex, throwing great fervour into his voice, and complimenting the object of his adoration with a powerful high note.

We left Tivoli just as the brilliant display of fireworks was about to be let off, for we knew we should see them just as well outside. We never remember to have passed a more delightful evening or one more free from bustle and excitement.

We had scarcely passed through the gates before we heard the roar of ascending rockets, and turning round we saw the golden streak of fire mounting in the air and beheld it explode with a faint ginger-beer bang, and froth over with a few green stars. There were three of these rockets, and then the entertainment appeared to have ended.

We reached Margate as the lights were being put out, and the bed-room blinds pulled down. The London Muslim Company, with a line of gas jets illuminating the shop-front, was just taking from the window its stock of choice dresses at 2s. 3d. We found our friend the aged tenor with his harmonicon, still warbling under the windows, but in fainter strains, as if he was worn out with wandering. He had his audience though, for a easement was opened, and a mouth full of food asked: "Can you sing 'My Love is like a red red rose?'" Of course he said he could, but when we began, we could not for the life of us perceive any difference between it and the ballad he had last sung.

Judging from a conversation which we overheard in the coffee-room of the Duke's Head Hotel, we are inclined to think that Margate is indebted to its visitors for the wild character it enjoys. The inhabitants are not dissolute themselves, but the cause of it in others. The following is the programme of a fast gentleman's Margate's night's entertainments:—

A young gentleman, who was smoking a cutty pipe, asked Charles, his friend, what he was up to last night, to which the other replied with a modest air, as if he expected to be complimented. "That he had an awful time of it, and had felt dreadful seedy that morning. He stayed at the Elephant till twelve drinking gin and ginger-beer." Charles here remarked, "Ah, that's a nice quiet house, is the Elephant?" "O, remarkably so!" replied the other; and they both laughed. "Then we went," continued the first gentleman, "to the King's Head, but there was nobody there, so we went to the Kent, and heard a very tidy song, by 'the Sons of Momus.'" "What time did you get home?" asked Charles. The fearful answer was, "I can't tell, but I was precious limp in the legs; I left Bill going to have a bath with his clothes on."

The next morning we rose early, so as to have a dip in the sea. It was a remarkably warm day, with an orange coloured sun that made the clouds look red-hot, and the air was so sultry, that it was an exertion even to wink. We felt soft and adhesive as guita percha in boiling water, and a friend had squeezed our hand, we could tell it would have gone into a mass like putty.

We crept down to the sands, and engaged a machine with a blue door and a very wet carpet inside. We felt ourselves insulted by having two towels handed to us which were no larger than sheets of blotting paper, and we were about to remonstrate when the jolting box began to move, and we were sent bumping about from side to side like a weaver's shuttle. It was worse than riding in a hay cart, and impressed us with the belief that we were being sifted like cinders. At last we were in the sea with the waves splashing up against the machine, and making a gurgling noise among the wheels and shaking the door as if they were trying to come inside and wet our clothes.

We have been told of men who take cold baths in winter, and even send the servant to the river to break the ice with the kitchen poker, so as to have their dip. Those men are riddles. To us cold water always has the same effect as a cut with a sharp razor, and we don't like the either.

How cautiously we commenced bathing, first dipping in the toe to see how the temperature was, and then withdrawing it, and thinking we would go back and have a warm bath instead! But shame called back our courage, when, looking through the little window in the side, we saw a pink child being dipped into the waves like a rag by two strong, heartless women. "Shall we, a man?" we thought, "be out-braved by a child; no!" and in we went; but, as we live, it was as nasty as senna tea for breakfast. How far we went down, or for what space of time we remained under water, we cannot tell, but it seemed an age, and as deep as a pit-shaft; and the water was roaring in our ears, as if it knew we hated it. We felt all our limbs get tight and hard, and draw in like worms. At last we rose to the surface with our hair hanging over our eyes like a fencing-mask. We felt as that wretched mouse must feel under the air pump, and gasped for breath like a trout on the grass. "Catch us doing this again," we said to ourselves. But after a time we grew accustomed to the sport, and commenced sporting in the waves, striking out with first one hand and then with the other, sometimes darting through the waves like a long silver fish, then paddling like a dog, and altogether delighted with our swimming powers.

Whilst bathing, we made the acquaintance of a gentleman whom we shall, of course, never recognise again, and had a long chit-chat about affairs in general. He had just risen from a plunge when we first beheld him, and with an open mouth—which, from the absence of teeth, looked like a red-lined *porte-monnaie*—was trying to recover his scattered sensibilities. His first phrase was, "Oh! the water makes me sick!" at which we pretended to be surprised, and laughed. With our heads just above the water, and a frill of waves round our necks, we began our conversation. He told us that the number of visitors by the Saturday boats amounted to 1,900, whilst the greatest number last year was only 1,400. He further informed us that many of the visitors had been forced to walk the streets all night or sleep in bathing-machines; for that beds were as difficult to get as change for a twenty pound note. He would have told us a great many other wonderful things, if a savage wave had not come and covered us both over like a table cloth, and sent us wheezing and groaning back to our wooden boxes.

One week days the sea-bathing is more animated than on the Sunday. There is a waiting-room in High Street, where the customers retire until the machines are ready, and this has been fitted up with every luxury, including yesterday's newspaper, and a piano with a rich banjo tone. On one occasion, when we visited this apartment, we had the pleasure of witnessing a skirmish between a musical and a literary bather. An old gentleman was in the middle of a profound statistical article, when a mamma told her little girl to begin a *poika*. A leader on the state of the crops and "The Fire-fly" can never agree together; and the politician, who felt himself beginning to read to the tune, grew red, shuffled his slippers, and kept looking over the outspread journal, as if peeping over a blind. But the tender mother knew nothing of all this, and only said in a mid voice, "Not so fast, Selina; mind your time, my dear!" until at length the savage old man jumped up as if a bee had stung him, and, with a look that would have made a dog howl, left the room.

In the afternoon we issued forth to view the town. We have no space to describe the Gothic elegance of Trinity Church, nor the rustic grace of Hawley Square. We leave the pump to future historians; neither shall we touch upon the Town Hall, the Gasometer, nor the Assembly Rooms. We are bound for Love Lane, there to visit Mrs. Lenham, the fair widow who brews eightpenny ale, whom all boatmen love and thirst after; whose name is as popular in Margate as the "Ratepayer's Daughter" is in London. A friend had given us one of Mrs. Lenham's cards, on which was printed the following verse:—

"If you've any disorder
Or the least out of order,
There's a cure, safe and certain, that never will fail;
Contradict it who pleases,
What cures all diseases,
Is a plentiful dose of the eightpenny ale!
So says a recanted Teetotaller."

What kind of place is Love Lane? Is it a narrow path between high hedges, where straggling boughs have to be brushed aside by the strolling lovers? Are there any benches, where fond couples may rest and look into each other's eyes, and blush and sigh?—where Alphonse tries to persuade Emilia that dry bread and affection is better than hot pies and indifference?—where Emilia is constantly saying "She must go," and always stays? Does the brewery of the Widow Lenham stand at the end of the lane, with tall trees over the thatched roof, and the sign-post swinging from a convenient branch, with cocks and hens perched on the water trough? No, reader; Love Lane, Margate, is nothing like this, and the very last place to which a lover should take his treasure for a walk, unless he is fond of eightpenny ale.

There is a fish shop in Love Lane, and only one tree mounting in a back yard. A general dealer sells gooseberries, nuts, onions, firewood, and sweet-stuff. Love Lane is near the market-place, with the red raw meat in full sight, and, instead of hedges, there are houses on each side, over one of which is written, "Sarah Lenham's genuine Home-brewed Ales and Beer," and that's the house we are about to enter.

There is no mistaking Mrs. Lenham when you see her, for she wears a white widow's cap, which makes her look like a nun, and frames in a good-natured face, with a skin like a baby's. When she draws the beer she shows a round hand, with a dimple at every knuckle, and blue veins at the bend of the fingers. George the Fourth would have fallen in love with Mrs. Lenham, and would have had her portrait painted by Lawrence. No wonder the boatmen worship her. If she sold ginger beer, they would come and drink it till they blew up.

The widow is of a jocund nature; for in the window is a trick card, stating that "a gentleman of good character is wanted, at a salary of £500 a year, to mind his own business;" and that another £500 will be given if he'll let other people's alone." As we tasted her celebrated eightpenny ale, she showed to us a poem, presented to her by a gentleman who nightly drank his three pints. The last verse is very consoling—

"Ye virgins and widows, fall of sorrow and care,
Just take good advice, and to Margate repair;
Put on your best smiles, in a bushel not fall,
If you're primed with a bumper of Lenham's fine ale."

One of the widow's admirers, a tall, gaunt-looking man, with straight hair and a white cravat, was slowly intoxicating himself for her sake, drinking glasses as an excuse for staying, and looking at her like a mad-doctor at a dangerous patient. The widow was pouring out her troubles, and they seem to have been as strong as her own ale, for, poor soul, she lost her husband and eleven children in three years. The gaunt man only said, "Bless me;" and made a peculiar sound with his lips, as if calling fowls; and she sighed, as if her heart had moved in her plump bosom, and began to smooth her neckerchief.

The York Hotel is to let, if any of our readers would like to take it. It is the largest hotel in Margate, and has a green balcony running the entire length of the building. By the big lines in the bill in the window we read, as we passed along, that it was "a valuable freehold estate," and contained "forty airy and well-appointed bed-rooms," with "a free license," and "a most conveniently-attached and profitable tap." If it had been open last night, forty young men would not have slept in bathing machines.

It was too hot to walk on the pavement, and we hurried towards the jetty. We passed a stand of chintz-decorated one-horse carriages, and were shocked to find the horses' legs covered with clusters of hungry flies, as thick as berries on an ivy. The poor beasts twitched their skins, and shivered all over, and stamped, but the black rascals would not stir.

We found all Margate cooling itself on the jetty, enjoying the breeze, which was only strong enough to lift a bonnet string. The sea was as smooth as a large sheet of unpolished glass, and permitted the gentlemen whose tastes were aquatic to row about, without endangering their lives. One amateur boatman was playing on a cornet, and blowing out the disjointed husky notes with so much energy, that even from the jetty we could see his white eyes starting from his red face. A little girl, who seemed to pity him for working so hard on so hot a day, asked, "What does the poor man do that for, mamma?" "Perhaps he likes it," replied the parent, in a tone as much as to say, "I don't."

From the head of the jetty we could see steamboats in every direction, and they left behind them long trails of smoke, which rose in the air like network, and looked like distant hills. Some young gentlemen near us, with turn-down shirt collars, smooth and round as enamel, were betting penceorths of nuts about which of the boats was the *Ruby*, and they disputed a great deal, and called each other "liars" in quite a friendly manner. The sun looked white hot, as if a furnace door had been opened, and the sky was dull and like blue steel. We expected to see the parasols crinkle up like blades on a fire; and we felt particularly anxious about one old lady, whose big spectacles might, we feared, act like magnifying glasses, and focussing the rays, fry her eyes. Two ladies with sandy hair, who had just passed, reminded us of the red clay percolating bottles, for they were sunburnt and covered with dew. You could not have taken off your hat without finding your hair suddenly curled; and we observed an elderly gentleman, whose tongue was slowly protruding as if rabies were setting in, who was rubbing a glassy-bald head with a silk handkerchief, as if he were trying to render it an electric pole.

Everybody was languid and tetchy, and, as a consequence, the children were scolded for the slightest thing. A young gentleman, who was clinging to the railings, with his ten-ribbed legs twisting like fleshy corkscrews, when told by mamma that she would never bring him out again, answered, "Then I'll play with the lucifers."

Some of the children bothered the authors of their being by pestering them with the most extraordinary questions in natural history and theology. A vulgar child with grubby knees, who had been sucking its hair, inquired of her hot papa, who was slowly turning into moisture, like whitebat, "Is there many fish in the sea?" Papa replied, "Ever such a lot." The innocent then asked where the big ones went to, and was answered, "Out yonder," in a northerly direction. The next inquiry was why "they never showed themselves," and the response, "Because they're afraid of being caught." Another infant asked his nurse "Who made the sea?" and got of course the right answer. He then requested to be informed "why it was allowed to drown people?" and as the servant girl couldn't tell him, she called him a wicked child, gave him a slap, and threatened to tell his mamma of his goings on when they reached home.

There were plenty of excursion boats coming in, and some of the ladies whose husbands had disappointed them on the Saturday, were out to see if they would be more fortunate that afternoon. We heard a mamma in a gorgeous claret velvet mantle trimmed with black lace tell her friend "that if Mr. Chase disappointed her again that day it would be very inconvenient," which meant, that Chase hadn't sent her any money, and they were hot ironing her at the lodgings.

As the first Sunday steamer came alongside of the jetty, we rushed towards the landing-place, in order that we might witness the affectionate meetings of the truant papas with the disappointed mammas. When we reached the platform, we found that the ladies had all rushed to the sides, so we gazed in rapture upon the bright forms ranged against the railings, like flowers around a dancing-room, and for five minutes studied the different backs and shoulders presented to our view. Some were stout, round, and soft-looking as sacks of flour; some were thin, flat, and kite-shaped, with dresses as tight as the bladder on the top of a pot of jam; others had the shoulder blades showing and sticking out, like the hip bones of a thin horse; and all were in the exact attitude required for a game at leap-frog. But our sympathy was mostly excited for a very lovely creature with a skin as fine as a dessert plate, who every now and then raised herself on her toes, showing a couple of small feet that attracted our eyes as points of electricity. Her little brother—an agreeable and plump child in the Highland costume—kept asking her if she saw Charley, and then her white neck stretched out like a pigeon's. Presently her lace mantle became violently agitated and likely to be torn,

as she in recognition shook a hand small enough for a watch. Her agitation was too great for her to be a sister, and we rushed to the side to see this puppy of the Charles breed. He had struck an attitude of patronising affection, and waved a handkerchief with a violet border.

The gentlemen we found were very fond of wearing net ties and shiny oil-cloth hats, which, with their dirty white gloves, gave them the appearance of full dress sailors, and of course impressed everybody with the idea that they kept yachts. We were sorry to find that most of the ladies were not dressed with that care and elegance which produces a thrill in an unmarried man. When a slight shower of rain came on, it hurt our feelings to see gowns turned up over the bonnets, displaying to our startled eyes a mouse-coloured lining, and we sighed when the pea-green, brimstone, dove-coloured, and other mantles were shifted to the wrong side outwards, exhibiting frayed interiors with cotton wool sticking out at the slits. But the visitors by the Sunday steamers had been numerous, and the toilettes, although *distingué*, were some of them considerably worn.

Two boats were circling towards the landing-place, and we hurried to have a look at their cargo. They were crammed to half way up the masts, a black mass, piled up like tea in a grocer's window, making the boat lean on one side with the weight. "Dear me!" cried an elegant young lady. "I never see such riff-raff!" and a sweet babe who declared it saw Papa among the passengers, got a thump in its back that made its tongue shoot out, for daring to suppose its father was among such company.

As the fresh-comers ascended the stairs of the landing-place, the youths of Margate began "to chaff" them, telling one who had a cold tea countenance, "that he looked uncommonly nice after his trip," and assuring a lady in a richly-printed Indian shawl that "her young man had been asking after her." These witticisms served to enliven the monotony of the afternoon, and to make everybody feel merry and good tempered.

We had had enough of Margate, and left by the four o'clock boat, which was also very closely packed. Several of the excursionists had employed their two hours on shore by slaking their thirst; indeed, we met two of them on the parade with their waistcoats undone, and their cravats twisted, who would, we should think, never be thirsty again. One of them, who was walking sideways like a crab, was vowed that "he must take his old gal something from the seaside;" on which his companion suggested "a penorth of happiness" as a suitable present, and one not likely to be met with in London.

We were pleased to find that those we left behind us were pained at our departure, for two or three young ladies to whom we had never been introduced, requested us to write to them as soon as we got home, and as the boat moved away, poked their feet between the bars and shook them, preferring that method of saying "Farewell" to the more ordinary one of waving the hand.

We had a very pleasant trip home, and everybody was very free and easy and happy. A passenger who had evidently had no time to drink at dinner, got into a coil of cable, and fell asleep like a bird in its nest; another took off his boots, which were tight, and dozed in his socks. Nearly all the passengers had parcels, some of which contained slices of beef and stained bread, which were no doubt very acceptable at a later period in the day. When the ladies grew faint with the heat, their husbands kindly drew from their pockets flat bottles and little mugs, and the dames, by passing them under their veils, were enabled to refresh themselves in private.

Nearly everybody went down to tea, which was served both "plain" and "with cream." The steward was very active and obliging, only half cleaning the plates so as to lose no time in serving his customers, and bringing out a stock of metal pots which quite startled us. A gentleman noticing the thickness of the tea-cups, which were French, and resembled those we all saw in the *cafés*, asked his wife what ware she thought them, and we all laughed, as the little lady answered, "Everlasting wear, I should say."

A. M.

LAW AND CRIME.

No public calamity ever brings itself home so immediately to the domestic hearth as the failure of a bank. The stoppage of Strahan, Paul, and Co., was one which affected directly members of the upper and aristocratic classes; that of the Royal British Bank, which occurred last week, will press heavily upon retail tradesmen and those to whom, although in an humbler rank of life, the misfortune will be even less remediable. It was well known that the Royal British Bank was in the habit of receiving such amounts as deposits as no other banking company in England would have cared to accept. A floating capital of ten pounds, more or less, was sufficient to enable the depositor to enjoy the advantage of a banking account, to pay his debts, by cheques, to leave his house without the overhanging dread of burglars making a clean sweep of his cash accumulations, and to walk through London thoroughfares sinning before the robber, like the *vacuum invader* of old. It matters but little to many of this class of customers to tell them, as they are told, that every shareholder of the bank is liable to the full amount of the deficiency, or that a proposition has been made to repay the entire balance left by every depositor, in certain instalments extending over nine months. The immediate sum, in readiness to pay the landlord, the miller, the brewer, or the wholesale dealer, is what these men require, and for which many a struggling and hardworking trader may find himself involved in ruin in consequence of this failure. The character of the deposits may be guessed from the fact that above a fortnight before the stoppage rumours adverse to the character of the bank were circulated as far as men durst confidently trust even friends and neighbours with such exceedingly dangerous information. Even under these circumstances, many have lost who had for some time doubted the lank (from the recent peculiar aspect of the offices and officials, at one branch at least), and had actually received intimation at the time of which we speak. The reason one depositor gave us for leaving upwards of a hundred pounds at the bank in the Strand after this notice, was that no other bank cared to receive it, and that he could not trust it in his own house. These facts prove that such an establishment is an absolute necessity to our limited capitalists, and there is no doubt that, apart from banking speculations, a deposit establishment, in which safety from fraud and robbery could be ensured by payment of a certain rateable commission, would be an undertaking likely to attract an immense patronage, and might be made to yield a handsome profit to the projectors. It appears that a petition for adjudication of bankruptcy against the Royal British Bank has failed. Our readers must not therefore imagine that the bank cannot or will not be made bankrupt. The decision (from all we can discover, the meeting having been private) simply establishes the fact that the closing of a bank is not an act of bankruptcy. It is not indeed included in the acts of bankruptcy enumerated in the Bankrupt Law Consolidation Act of 1845; but the solicitor conducting the case for the creditor will no doubt proceed immediately by demand of payment and notice, or establish some other recognised act, and either procure payment for his client, or gazette the establishment.

The "Times" of Tuesday discloses a curious fact—namely, that a gang of about forty ruffians, collected from Duck Lane and Old Pye Street, Westminster, are nightly seen to collect, separate themselves into bodies of four or six, and thus disperse with the supposed, and indeed almost indisputable, intention of committing garrotte robberies. Oddly enough, the "Times" presents us with this piece of intelligence "upon police information;" otherwise it might have been imagined that the police would have been the last to make the public acquainted with the circumstances of the head-quarters of these nightly depredators, their organisation, persons, and tactics being known to the authorities ordained for their repression—while Londoners are still unable to stay out late at night for fear of being choked and pillaged.

By an act lately passed to facilitate the formation of public libraries, power is given to parochial bodies to promote such establishments by an assessment of not more than one penny in the pound on the local rates, should a majority of two-thirds at a public meeting of rate-payers be in favour of the application of the powers of the set to their own particular parish. A meeting for this purpose was held a few days since in Mount Street, for the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and occasioned a scene which would reconcile one to the stagnant tranquillity of the Circumlocution Office as a far preferable means of government than that of the uproarious ignorance, and unreasoning wrong-headedness of the board-room. The meeting appeared to consist principally of petty traders of the

and was presided over by a chairman whose remarkable disinterestedness to the promoters of the library was the most striking characteristic. The mover, so far as being allowed to advocate the cause which he intended to support, was hooted at and scouted aside as a dangerous *charlatan*, almost as soon as he commenced his address; and finally quieted the meeting, by reclining himself upon having escaped personal notice by a well-timed retreat. So that, in the matter of education, it would seem that our rulers are not, a step or two in advance of the people. This was a reflection, but the late meeting in St. George's, was convened in more than one of our daily contemporaries, who are no doubt upon the subject.

At a meeting of the Society for the promotion of certain recent languages and our countrymen, a reader writes to us, kindly confirming our view as to the necessity of private precautions against robbery, and the comparative inefficiency of the police. Our correspondent, who has been robbed, resides in Westbourne Park, and although the thief may have remained in his house with a light burning for three or four hours, subsequently escaping through the front door at break of day with a bulky bag, they were not interfered with by the officials. Some slight satisfaction to us to find that our friend has some similar opinions to our own as to the advantages of keeping revolvers in private bed-rooms, and the general effect of shooting a burglar or so, in preventing his allowing him the chances of the Central Criminal Court. Mercy to these ruffians is simply an opportunity to commit murder, upon occasion, elsewhere.

It was assuredly he discovered same day, and sooner or later, that Sir Peter Laurie is not such a fool as to be a dunderhead in want of a subject to make him appear.

If he posses a limited pecuniary only, he certainly displays an earnest desire to perform his duty towards the public. Some days since, a case was brought

before the Magistrate to send the case for trial. His Worship refused to take bail for either.

A POLICE CONSTABLE DEPOSED that he saw the pris- oner standing over the prosecutor, who was groaning on the ground. He pursued Murphy and took him into custody. The prosecutor identified him as the man who had beaten him and robbed him of his Albert chain. On searching Murphy two knives were found in his possession. A search was made for the stolen chain, but no trace could be found of it. On searching Garratt, a knife was also found in his possession. Garratt was taken by another constable who came in just in time. It was proved that Murphy had been tried at the Old Bailey about four years ago and sentenced to be transported. There was reason to believe, too, that Garratt was a ticket-of-leave man.

Both constables were fully committed.

From information derived from the police, it appears that garroting offences are on the increase; that there is a gang of the worst characters, upwards of forty in number, most of whom are believed to be ticket-of-leave men, whose location is in the neighbourhood of Duck Lane and Pigeon Street, Westminster, who may be seen nightly arranging themselves in bands of four or six, and then spreading themselves over different parts of the metropolis. It is from this gang that the majority of the garroting offences originate. If the police really know so much as this of the gang, it is odd that they do not bring them to justice.

ABANDONED.—Last week, we mentioned that a baby had been found secreted behind one of the advertising boards in the booking-office of the South-Western Railway, Waterloo Road. On Monday, Miss Sarah Russell, a respectable and middle-aged female, was charged at Lambeth with so abandoning the child. It had been sent to Lambeth Workhouse where the prisoner applied for the child, stating that it was hers, and begging that she might be allowed to take it away. She was given into custody. She is a widow with four other children, and this infant having been born long subsequent to the death of her husband, she wished to conceal her shame from her friends. She now says that she was the accuser in the paper of the finding of the baby, and that she ultimately became so distressed about it that she made up her mind at risk to apply for it, and did so apply at the Lambeth Workhouse.

In reply to the charge, the prisoner said that the thought of deserting her baby occurred to her at a moment when she hardly knew what she was about, but she was now very sorry for what she did. It is evident that the friends of the prisoner were persons of much respectability, and her own conduct up to the present transaction had been respectable.

The magistrate remanded the prisoner, and desired that her infant might be taken back to the workhouse.

HUSBAND-BEATING.—Catherine Maney, a masculine-looking woman, apparently within a very short period of her confinement, was charged at the Mansion House with assaulting her husband.

The complainant stated, that while he was shutting up his master's shop, one night last week, the prisoner came to him and after abusing him for a short time, took a mattock-spike, and commenced a most violent assault upon him, striking him over the head and face, and finished by stabbing him in the breast with the pointed end of the spike. His wife was very much given to drink, and when those fits were over he dared not go near his home. Last Christmas she broke his ribs, and took a carving-knife to stab him with. She could earn £5s. a week at such-making, and he gave her nearly the whole of his earnings, which were £1 a week more, yet she was so addicted to drink that everything convertible was pawned for gin. Last Christmas he had duplicates of goods pawned to the amount of £3, and when searched at the station house, eleven more were found upon her, besides what he had four in his pocket, all of her pawning.

The prisoner denied that her husband allowed her for any of the money that she worked for, but said he took it all himself, and gave her only what he thought proper.

Alderman Lawrence thought she was a most ferocious woman, and ought to be sent to prison for six months.

FORGERY.—A merchant recently carrying on business in Thames Street, was charged at the Mansion House, before Sir Peter Laurie, with uttering three forged cheques on the Royal British Bank; one for £16 10s., one for £25, and another for £28 7s. The accused had formerly been a partner in the firm of Cooper, Pike, and Co., of Thames Street, but dissolved his connection with that house four or five weeks ago; since which time he had been in constant communication with Mr. Colston, an old friend and schoolfellow, carrying on business as a commission and shipping agent in Great St. Helen's. A short time ago, Cooper, the accused, called on Mr. Colston, and asked that gentleman to let him have a cheque for £20, which request was granted. Shortly afterwards Mr. Colston missed three blank drafts from his cheque-book, which he had previously shown to Cooper, by whom, as it was subsequently discovered, they had been abstracted. The prisoner had then filled up the cheques, at different times, for various sums of money, and signed them in Mr. Colston's name. The drafts were all presented and paid at the British Bank, where Mr. Colston kept his account. The handwriting of Cooper was well known both to Mr. Colston and the cashiers of the Royal British Bank, Cooper having likewise formerly kept an account there. On missing the drafts from his book, Mr. Colston gave information of the circumstance to a detective officer, who searched out and apprehended the prisoner. After he was in custody, an order for goods, signed "Gatty and Co.," and another for a cheque-book, signed by the same firm, and written on the cover of a letter directed to Messrs. Rogers, Olding and Co., the bankers, were found on him. The officer having stated that he believed he should be able to prove that these orders likewise were forgeries, the accused was remanded. On a subsequent day, Cooper's solicitor, Mr. Thompson, was examined (though with great reluctance on his part), when it appeared that the cheque-books had been handed to him by the accused. He was ordered to produce them on a future day, and the case was again postponed. On the third examination Mr. Thompson still refused to produce the papers, contending that they were privileged communications between him and his client.

The summary jurisdiction of the superior courts upon bills of exchange under twenty pounds (in cases within the operation of the county courts) is taken away by the new County Court Act. The jurisdiction referred to was we inclined to believe, given unintentionally, and by simple carelessness. However, it is now repealed, after having been in operation less than twelve months. The new act will come into operation on the 1st of October next, and will possess at least the advantage of reducing the fees, which hitherto have been in some cases exorbitant.

POLICE.

THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY AT CLEMENT'S INN.—Bow Street Police-court was densely crowded on the occasion of the further examination of the girl, Anna Foreman, charged on suspicion of stealing a £20 note and a purse containing 12 sovereigns, from the chambers of a gentleman named Holdsworth, of Clement's Inn.

The facts of the case were narrated in our last number. The note and money were taken from the prosecutor's chambers, during his temporary absence, on the 28th of March. A drawer in the bed-room had been forced, and the money abstracted. In July the note was paid into the Bank of England, and then traced back to the possession of the prisoner, who had changed it at a baker's in Chandos Street. The prisoner denied that she had ever changed any note, but said she had in her possession about that time a parcel, entrusted to her by Elizabeth Arnott, daughter of the chief lodger-keeper of the inn, which parcel disappeared in a mysterious manner, and was afterwards said by Arnott to have contained a £20 note. She imputed to Arnott that the latter had herself abstracted the note and changed it at the baker's, assuming her (Foreman's) bonnet as a disguise. This story was wholly denied by Arnott, and Miss Barnes (who changed the note) was positive of the prisoner's identity.

ON THIS OCCASION Sergeant Thomas gave evidence that on the way to the station the prisoner had told him the same story as to the girl Arnott; that she (Arnott) gave her a parcel to take care of, saying it contained a brooch, given to her by a young man in the Temple Gardens. It was secured with five seals in black wax. After keeping it by her for about three weeks she missed it from her box one Sunday morning as she was dressing for church. She next communicated the loss to Arnott, who appeared much disatisfied, and then, for the first time, informed her that it contained a £20 note. They went subsequently to a fortune-teller, Mrs. Dent, in Bridges Street, to consult her on the matter.

A singular-looking old woman here came forward, and gave her name as Alice Dent, describing herself as a widow and a charwoman. She stated—I know the prisoner by her Christian name, Emma. I remember her coming to me for advice in April last, with the young lady now present (Betsey Arnott, whom I had seen once before, but I never knew till to-day that her name was Arnott). The prisoner said, "We have come to you for advice about a parcel which has been lost. It was taken from my box." Miss Arnott then said, "Emma, I'm a sovereign and a £20 bank note, which belonged to a friend, a friend of mine, and I gave it to Emma to take care of." I then said to Miss Arnott, "Why did not you go to your mother and tell her all about it?" To which she replied, "My mother knows nothing about it, and I would not have her know it for the world. If father or mother knew it, I should never go home again." She distinctly said, "I never knew what was in the parcel till this morning. There were charges on remand, at Lambeth, with wilfully setting fire to a shed belonging to Messrs. Burke and Co.

The principal witness was a youth named John Gerrard, who said, that on Sunday evening last, he was in a field near St. George's Church and the Grove, Peckham, and there saw the prisoners engaged in tossing. The prisoner Cook lost all his money, and being out of the game, he said to the other, "What a lark it would be to set that shed on fire," and all three left the field, crossed a ditch which separated it from a piece of ground on which the shed was erected, and made towards the shed itself. On reaching it, the prisoner Cook struck a light a match, which he handed to Haworth, and he set fire to some shavings which communicated with the shed, and all three then instantly ran away.

The owner of the property said that the shed destroyed was a detached erection of about 160 feet in length, used principally as a store-room for machinery not required in the works, and that the loss sustained by its destruction was about £150.

The prisoners admitted being in the neighbourhood at the time of the fire, but denied the charge. They were committed for trial.

ANOTHER GAROTTE ROBBERY.—THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM.—John Garratt and James Murphy, the latter a ticket-of-leave man, were brought before the magistrate at Marlborough Street, charged with robbing and robbing Mr. George Sapsford, a glass-engraver.

Mr. Sapsford, who appeared to be suffering from recent violence, said that about twelve o'clock on the previous night he was passing through Bruton Street, when the prisoner Garratt suddenly came behind him, caught him round the throat, and dragged him down, compressing his throat with so much force as to prevent him from calling out, or doing

any more than groan.

The other prisoner, Murphy, then came up, and beat him about the face with his fists. The prisoner Murphy to whom I am witness, was greatly frightened, and attracted the attention of the police, who instantaneously seized him, and the prisoners ran off. The prisoner Garratt seized his throat so tightly that he was almost strangled, and he was still suffering from the injury inflicted upon him. His watch was not taken, but the Albert chain, worth about £22, was broken away, and had not been found. A police constable deposed that he saw the pris- oners running over the prosecutor, who was groaning on the ground. He pursued Murphy and took him into custody. The prosecutor identified him as the man who had beaten him and robbed him of his Albert chain. On searching Murphy two knives were found in his possession. A search was made for the stolen chain, but no trace could be found of it. On searching Garratt, a knife was also found in his possession. Garratt was taken by another constable who came in just in time. It was proved that Murphy had been tried at the Old Bailey about four years ago and sentenced to be transported. There was reason to believe, too, that Garratt was a ticket-of-leave man.

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